THE WONDER SAINT OF KASHMIR



SWAMI NAND LAL
(NAND BABH JI)
1896-1973

NANDBABH
THE OMNISCIENT

by

Justice Janki Nath Bhat
(Retd. J&K High Court Judge)

and

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DEDICATION

The book is dedicated to all saint-poets, Reshis, Munis, Sages, Faqirs, spiritual personalities and Sadhus of the J & K State. The authors have bequeathed their copyright and allied interests in this publication to the Swami Nandbab Memorial Trust.It is a matter of good augury that, after a listless lapse of 25 years, one of the ardent and persistently faithful desciples of this great saint, Justice J.N.Bhat has offered to bear all the expenses needed for the publication of this humble inaugural memorial number.

For and on behalf of the Swami Nandbab Memorial Trust

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We acknowledge with all the humility and gratitude the material contributed by various devotees and admirers of Swami Nand Lal Ji , popularly known as Nand Babh of Kashmir, for this publication. Without their valuable contributions we could not have been able to bring out this book.

While on one side procuring the material was not such an easy job then to put the material in a proper shape was still a difficult work for old people like we. However, as probably Swami Nandbabh Ji might have ordainad the arduous and the most important task of putting the matter in a proper shape and getting the book printed at a very short notice fell upon the shoulders of Dr. G.K.Muju who has been responsible for finally bringing out this publication. We express our thanks to him for the hard labour he has put in for bringing out this book.

Our thanks are due to Miss. Kalpana for computerising the material for the book and to M/s ESS ESS ESS Offset press for printing the book in such a nice form.

Authors.

Preface

It has been an honour and privilege for me to edit this book by Shri J.N.Bhat, Retired Justice J & K High Court and Shri P.N.Razdan (Mahnoori), former teacher C.M.S. School, Srinagar, on Swami Nand Lal Ji (1896-1973), popularly known as Nand Babh, of Kashmir.I did not get the opportunity to edit the book as any author or writer of repute, but it just happened, perhaps because it had to happen that way!

Swami Nand Babh Ji has been a mystic, a saint and a "Mastana" of a very high order of the present century whose miracles and prophecies have bewildered and puzzled many rational, scientifically oriented minds; but facts are facts and the ways of Nature are strange. It is not just possible to have any measure of the state of evolution of an individual in the spiritual world. He is his own measure, if there be any. One can only observe this evolution in his day to day actions and behaviour.

Personally I had no opportunity to move very close to the saint or sit in the gatherings of Swami Nand Lal Ji. Definitely, I have had all through my life some strange respcet, reverence and even a sort of awe for these spiritual personalities but have, very strangely, never aspired for any thing from them. Somehow because of my personal shyness, inhibitions, some degree of self-consciousness and influence of J. Krishnamurti and the Theosophical thought I did not venture forth any encounter , argument and long discussions with any one of the lot, though I would feel it a pleasure and privilege to sit near them and watch them and observe them. I was shy of developing any intimate contacts and be any "important" man in the group. I would prefer to listen to these great people and look within my own self to , as Buddha would say " Know Thyself" and as J. Krishnamurti would say " Be a Lamp unto thyself". Perhaps, my very sitting and listening to these great men was more than sufficient for me.

Then it is also a matter of opportunity one gets for such an interaction and I feel definitely sorry and sad that I failed to make use of many a good, valuable and important opportunities to be with Great people, when such opportunities came to me of their own. I had a

good number of these great people, including my respected father Pandit Dina Nath Muju a renowned educationsit and saintly scholar, available whom I could not understand; and now I have developed a strange feeling of a loss that I failed to make use of their association for my own advancement. I definitely feel sorry and sad for having lost and missed something valuable.

As a great teacher has said Teacher speaks only once, he does not repeat. Words once lost are lost for ever. I have perhaps been one of those unfortunate ones who has lost these golden words for ever.

As already stated, I had no personal encounter or experience with Swami Nand Lal Ji , though I had seen him very often walking quite fast taking long strides in the streets of Kashmir especially Srinagar , entering some odd houses, sitting rather standing at shops, looking in different directions with a stern face and even making strange gestures and gesticulations which as children and ignorant adults people would laugh at, but now underdstand were means and signs of communication. He would be dressed in his usual attire of a security man— a police man, an army man and so on, wearing long rubber boots , an English-type hat on his head, a belt or even a rope round his waist . A long bamboo staff in one hand and a bundle of papers in another and the pen over his ear he would be issueing chits (called *parwanas*) to people. Most of them preserved these as bringing good luck and so on.

Coming to the book I had nothing to do with its preparation, writing,compilation or collection of material etc for it. I was not at all connected with the work. Somehow an opportunity (probably ordained!) came handy to me because of my association with Justice (Retd.) Shri J.N.Bhat Sahib. He had been asking me for a stenographer to whom he could dictate some of his writings and so on. We failed to get one for quite some time. One day while talking over some matter he informed me that he wanted a stenographer to whom he would dictate some matter collected for a book on Swami Nand Lal Ji which he and Shri P.N.Razdan wanted to write. It was for the first time that I came to know that he wanted to write a book on the Saint. He was anxious to get the book published as early as possible. Failing to get a stenographer he contacted some printer to publish the book as it was

and had decided to put a note of apology that the matter in the book has not been properly dealt by him because of his age and other factors. I had not seen the manuscript till then.

One day the demand for the stenographer again came up. This time I ventured to ask for the manuscript, which now I saw for the first time. I glanced over the matter and found some very interesting anecdotes related to Swami Ji. Unfortunately the rich material coll'ected by the respected and aged duo, Shri Bhat and Shri Razdan Sahib, was in a bad shape. It was in a mess and needed a serious effort to put in a proper form and shape. The pressman had offered to do all himself; but when I saw the matter I felt surprised what could the pressman do with the material which was haphazardly put in the manuscript. There were over writings, corrections, cuttings and so on. The pressman had also surprisngly offered to do the job at a very low cost. I felt sad that such a rich information regarding Swami would go a waste and all labour lost if no effort was made to give the book a proper shape. Justice Bhat too had his own doubts about the offer of this pressman; but somehow he wanted to have the book published. We discussed the matter with another pressman, who gave an assessment of the cost involved which was somewhat higher than offered by the first one. He offered his help in getting the book printed provided it was properly retyped, given the shape of a book . He wanted some responsible man to do that job and put the matter in a proper shape.

The handicap of putting the matter in a proper shape remained. Since I had developed some interest in the material and keeping in view the eagerness of Bhat Sahib to get the book published, I offered my services, no doubt free of cost, to redraft the whole matter, put it in a good shape as far as my capacities would allow me and do all the necessary proof reading and editing. This relieved Bhat Sahib of a great anxiety and he felt comfortable.

Could it be an ordained opportunity ! Mysterious are the ways of God.

I cannot call it a chance, because I do not believe in chance. Nothing happens by chance. There has got to be cause otherwise why should a thing happen. There is always a cause and an effect and it is only when we do not know the cause we call it a chance.Things happen

inspite of we. Cause and effect is the basis of this creation and we can only modify it by our actions, our Karma, by performing our duty , by our actions and behaviour. We are responsible for our behaviour.

Coming to the subject proper having got associated with the book, I took the matter into my hands and gave it the present shape.Since the time avaialable to give the book a final shape and get it printed was hardly one month I tried my best to complete the project in as short a period as possible. I do feel there may be still some deficiencies in the book which can be improved upon in the next edition/ publication of the Trust.

Personally being a student of Theosophical thought which accepts the existence of occult science, I cannot deny the existence of such mystics, saints and "mastanas" amidst us, who possess these occult powers. These "mastanas" can develop some occult powers, clear vision, clairvoyance, and telepathy which they use in their dealings with nature and humanity at large.

Then again as a psychoptherapist expecially with oriental background, a worker in the field of mental health and a professional psychologist I feel the unconscious plays an important part in the making of a " mastana". When a seeker moving on the path of search for truth and reality fathoms deep into his own unconscious whether through meditation or some other source and methods, some powers, forces, urges and drives emerge from the unconscious mind of the individual. The barriers and restrictions are removed, though partially if not completely, and an ocean of material emerges from this unconscious into the conscious mind. It is a stage when he is almost walking on a razor's edge. He may develop some occult powers, clairvoyance , telepathy etc. However, both the conscious and the unconscious being limited and conditioned , the limited and the conditioned conscious cannot perhaps contain, retain and absorb all the material coming from the unconscious, which is much more vast and deep than the conscious, and the seeker may fail to maintain the required balance among various forces and energies. If he can maintian his balance he turns a mahatma a yogi, but if he fails to maintain the balance and contain the matter coming from the unconscious it bursts the boudaries of the limited conscious and the man turns a "mastana".

The occult powers already developed give him a clear vision, clairvoyance and telepathy to predict and make prophecies etc. I feel Swami ji was one such rare "mastana" a class by himself who gave a practical demonstration of his occult powers, clairvoyance and telepathy, as revealed by the matter contained in this book.

While I was busy in going through the manuscript of this book to give it a shape my youngest brother reminded me about an incident dating back to 1951 or so when he was about two and a half years of age. We were living at Khanaquahi- Moulla (Fateh Kadal) those days. My brother while playing moved out of the house all alone .Being a small child he lost his way back to home and roamed into the compound of Shah Hamdan Shrine.Some Muslim lady finding him weeping picked him up and treated him as a gift from Shah Hamdan, as she had only daughters and no son. She gave him a good bath, fed him milk etc. to make him sleep. All our frantic efforts failed to trace him. Somehow, in our search I happened to cross over Zaina Kadal bridge quite a distance from our house, when Swami Nand Lal Ji who was crossing over the bridge directed a sort of announcement possibly towards me " Go home and he(my brother) too will be reaching". I could not understand what he meant.I do not remember how I reacted. Returning home I met a class fellow of mine near my house who on learning about the incident, informed me that such and such family in his neighbourhood had picked up a boy. He showed me the house from a distance . I went into the house and asked about the baby. Shockingly the lady who was holding the sleepy baby in her arms over her shoulder refused to hand over the baby to me saying it was their baby. Somehow my talking woke up my brother, who on seeing me jumped into my arms. This surprised the lady who revealed her mind that they had decided not to return the baby as they had no son.This incident had been reported to my brother by our mother as personally I had forgotten about it by now.

Also while talking over the book with Justice Bhat Sahib one day, one Sardar Gurucharan Singh of Baramulla, Kashmir who was a forest lessee narrated an incident concerning Swami Nand Lal Ji. He said that one day he and his uncle were travelling in a jeep on way to Ganderbal-Nunar side, when near Ganderbal the jeep developed some

trouble. They had caried two packets of sweets with them. They decided to have a cup of tea while the driver would get the vehicle set in order. They carried the two sweet packets with and moved towards a shop where Swami Nand Lal Ji was already present. Swami Nand Lal ji had asked the people to wait for the two Sardar Jis to come as they would be carrying two packets of sweets. The people their could not understand what Swami Ji had said. When the two Sardar Jis entered the tea shop all were surprised.

Swami Ji refused to take the sweet packet from the uncle Sardar Ji but accepted the one from Sardar Gurucharan Singh Ji. It was distributed among those present but after Swami Ji would taste it himself. Sardar Gurucharan Singh felt a revulsion in his mind. He was in a dilemma. How could he accept some thing already tasted by somebody. He was tense and did not know what to do. Lo ! and behold! on reaching Sardar Gurucharan Singh he was by-passed and the sweet was given to man near by.

Sardar Gurucharan Singh felt surprised and astonished ; how could Swami Ji read his thoughts, understand his anguish and save the situation and him from ambarassment.

These instance are just illustrations to indicate the vision of Swami Nand Lal Ji. Many more such incidents are in the main text. The material contained in this book is a very valuable cotribution to the cultural ethos and heritage of our land, which unfortunately has been completely vandalised by the savages of the ages. Perhaps this too was destined to happen as nature has a plan and programme of its own and that is evolution. Can we take the present suffering of the people of Kashmir in that stride and take it as a measure in our evolution. No doubt it needs courage, determination and a vision to face such ordeals.

No doubt man wants to be happy and that is why he seeks the blessings of these great people Swamis, Saints and Sants. But man cannot be happy without being GOOD. In order to be happy he has got to be GOOD and lives of all great men teach us to be GOOD.

Prof. Gopi Kishen Muju.

FOREWARD

Histro-Celetial Panaroma of towering spiritualism that was Swami Nand Babh, the Mystic-cum-Mastana

Kashmir has produced important saints of all hues and of different religions, from time to time, who in turn have given remarkable directions to the culture and ethos of Kashmir. These saints were both Hindus and Muslims. Some of the prominent and saints of fame have been Laleshawri, Roop Bhawani. Arani Mal, Mathura Devi, Satti Ded, Kashi Kak of Manigam. Of these Kaskah Kak was a very powerful omnicient saint. Bhagwan Gopi Nath Ji has emerged as a very important saint in the present times. His birth anniversary has been celebrated this year and a postal stamp was released by the Government in his honour on the occasion. Nund Reshi is the most famous and holds a premier place among Reshi saints. Some of the other saints, though not so very well known, but of importance in the cultural history of Kashmir who have played important roles in the destiny of the people of Kashmir are Swami Mehtab Kak, Ramjoo Kissoo, Gratta Mouttoo, Sona Mouttoo, Swami Vidyadhar Ji, Swami Balak Kaw, Swami Aftab Joo of Karihama, Swami Gobind Kaul of Vanpoh and many other. Swami Laximan Joo is a class apart.He has not only been a highly evolved soul but has been an authority on Shaivism, a scholar of eminence.

Among Muslim saints I do remember only a few. Some of them have been Mubarik Shah Sahib, resident of Shalimar , Saint of Badasgam and recently Sona Sahib of Vessu. I have seen many of these saints personally. I always felt an urge to meet spiritual men. Being in their midst was enough for me and for the satisfaction of my soul. I never asked any favours from any saint even though I would be close to him.

All these saints can safely be divided and classified into two categories viz. Farzana and Mastana. Farzana are those saints who attain spiritual heights by hard meditation and practice and achieve vast powers over nature which they seldom exercise. A stage comes in the spiri-

tual evolution of a saint when the aspirant's third eye is opend and he sees and can do things which ordinary people cannot do. They do miracles. This is a very delicate stage, because at this stage the spiritual aspirant has the power to do anyhthing. At this stage the aspirant requires the guidance of a very advanced spiritual Guru who does not allow him to expose and misuse his powers. I have an example in point. A disciple of an eminent Farzana saint reached this stage and he began to perform unimaginable things— he would eat a full 'deegchi' of cooked rice, eat a basketful of vegetables roughage and devour 29 uncooked sheep lungs at a stretch and so on. When his master learnt about his desciple's display of extraordinary powers he withdrew all his powers.

Farzanas are very careful about their spiritual earnings and do not frittter away their powers by granting the demands of the people and even disciples as a matter of right. I once talked to an eminent Farzana saint and told him that people called him "miserly", as he did not grant any favours sought by people from him. His curt reply was, " Well, Mr suppose you collect Rs. 10,000/- by hard labour or otherwise and people approach you to give them something from your savings. If you go on acceeding to their requests and fulfilling their demands, all your hard-earned deposits will finish and you will be penniless— similarly in the case of spiritual personalities they do not spend or grant favours just for the asking. But nevertheless they bestow favours (quietly though) to people whom they think really deserving. The saint so called miserly also granted so many favours to deserving supplicants.

The other class of saints are called "mastanas". Their spiritual eminence gives them a command over nature; its events, happenings and what not in any sphere of life. They are complete masters of the situation and can do anythiung without a limitation, miracles extraordinary and even control nature.

To this latter class belongs Swami Nandlal Jee popularly known and addressed as Nand Babh.

Much authentic information could not be collected about Nand Babh's childhood, about his early life and other relevant matters. All that is known about this mystic saint is that he was born to a Kaul

family in Purshyar, Habakadal, Srinagar on the 30th of December 1896 and was later on adopted by a close relative living in Nunar, Ganderbal Tehsil, Srinagar. Swami Ji's serene soul merged with the supreme soul and became one with the ultimate Reality on_10th Oct.1973. He was employed as a constable in the state police department, served at various places and was ultimately posted in the Central Jail, Srinagar, which is situated at the foot of the Hariparbat Hillock where age old temple of Mother Sharika is located . There he kept vigil with dedication.He would be usually seen meditating during nights. Goddess Sharika feeling pleased with his devotion enlightened him. He gave up his job and turned into a saint.

Nand Babh was an institution in himself, could predict events in individual cases, change of Governments, their rise and fall and change the course in the fates of individuals and of the country as a whole. In spiritual hierarchy he was the Defence Minister of India.As such he had to discharge his duties of great national importance which he did quite meticulously. The powers exercised by him in different spheres of society, in the case of individuals, organisations, Governments are sufficiently reproduced in this book.

He had a huge number of worshippers and disciples though he did not give any "Guru Shabad" or name to any of them.

Twenty five years of his separation from us is far too long a period to keep memories as fresh and enthusiasm as propelling as in the early seventies of the century. October 1973 was the occasion when the minds of Swami Ji's disciples , devotees and admirers from amongst the cross section of Kashmiris, residents and non-residents, were full of grief and yet overwhelmed with a spontaneous desire to erect a memorial, monument-cum-common assembly hall in his honour. The structure would be used for prayer meetings, religious discourses and other socio-cultural and spiritual exercises by all classses of Swami Ji's admirers from time to time.

The interest exihibited by Swami Ji's devotees and disciples created an urge in my heart to go ahead with the project as discussed by some of us. It created a burning desire in my mind to have some permanent record of Nand Babh's miracles , prophecies and actions.I discussed the matter with so many of his disciples at Jammu, Delhi and else-

where. His close disciples would agree in principle, but in reality nobody took any serious step or notice of the matter.Alas! sustenance of the common interest became a casuality of the circumstances when the devotees, the admirers and disciples of Swami Ji, because of professional responsibilities and other occupations, got separated from one another and even scattered. But the urge in me to perpetuate his memory increased as time went on.

Then fortunately I came across Shri Prithvi Nath Razdan (Mahnoori). A relation of Shri P.N.Razdan, Shri K.N.Kaul and his wife, especially the latter, asked Shri Razdan to come forward and write a book on Swami Ji. Shri Razdan declined as he knew nothing about Swami Ji as he had never met him nor attended any of his congregations except once, by chance, at their residence and that too for a few minutes only. She offered to supply the requisite material and Shri Razdan agreed to do the needful.But unfortunately, neither was any material supplied nor was anything else done in this regard.

However, the idea lurked in Shri Razdan's mind and kept on disturbing his calm . In the meanwhile, the Kauls migrated to America. Fourteen long years later in April 1987, Razdan published an article on the subject in *Koshur Samachar*. It was only after the forced migration to Jammu on March 3, 1990 that Razdan Sahib was spurtted to write five more books related to his subjects simultaneously from mid-August of the same year to replinish the loss of all his published and unpublished works together with miscellaneous articles during the turmoil.

In fact it was Shri Razdan who collected a bulk of material of this book. We decided that Shri Razdan would collect the material and give it some shape where other matters connected with the publication would be my responsibility. The other disciples did not participate for the reasons best known to them or perhaps because they apprehended or felt that they would be forced or called upon to contribute and share financial responsibilities for the project.

However, we issued joint appeals in various journals, magazines.We circulated the appeals among people by hand and by post and distributed these among the people in general and through our recognised and other organisations. Our appeal was published in various publi-

cations like *Koshur Samachar, Kshir Bhawani Times,The Sahayogi Times, Naad* etc., but with very little response. (For text of the appeal please refer to Appendix A). The authors were requested to contribute only authentic and factual incidents related to Swami Nandbabh Ji, without any exaggeration or distortion and we hope the matter received by us has been so.

However, whatever little material I received I handed over the same to Shri Razdan Sahib to examine and complete it. Mr Razdan has done a lot of didicated work and is mainly responsible for the preparation of this book. I have written only this chapter. He has mainly authored the book.

The book , I admit, is open to so many criticisms. Both Mr Razdan and myself are old people and in this project have got scant assistance from anybody .However, I later on requested Dr. G.K. Muju a scholar, journalist and thinker to help us in putting the matter in a systematic manner and give a final shape to he book. He has been very kind to edit the book and even do proof reading etc. He is mainly responsible to give the final shape to the book . There may be overlappings and even unnecessary repetitions. To that our explanation is that we wanted to place before the public the actions, sayings, miracles of Babh Ji and for that purpose the messages sent by various gentlemen , reproduced in this book , are the best and the most authenmtic versions of the life and the miracles of Nand Babh Ji. Some devotees may in future correct these deficiencies in this book and give a systematic account of Babh Ji's life and teachings.

In this connection it will be only relevant to quote what a Hindu saint from the then Punjab , Alama Amil, then residing with a Muslim gardener-cum-guard of Amar Singh Bagh , at present the campus of the University of Kashmir, bequeathed by Dr.Karan Singh , said:

Jiggar Hind Hai Mera; Dil Se Musalman hoon;
Hoon bhi aur kuchh bhi nahin; Misle hubab Duniya.

meaning:

By liver I am a Hindu; A Muslim by heart I am;
I am and I am nought; A figament of imagination.

Justice (Retd.) J.N.Bhat

Chpater I

My Experiences with Nand Babh Ji
(The Wonder Saint of Kashmir)

— by Justice (Retd.) J.N.Bhat

I shall briefly put down some of my experiences with Babh Ji. I will mention only a few, otherwise this book will be too big a volume full of such information.

A tall figure clad in thick clothes, resembling the dress of a police functionary, with a hat on head, long rubber boots both in summer and winter, a rope tied with his body and held at the other end by one or two of his disciple-companions and a big 'danda' in hand he would appear on odd places sometimes muttering, sometimes talking to people enroute. Earlier some people considered him almost insane, but when later people came to know of his eminence in the spiritual world they would fall at his feet even on the road side, with utmost respect for him.

When I saw him for the first time I got somewhat scared and would try to avoid him. This experience repeated itself more than once. I was staying in a rented house at Sathoo, Barbarshah, Srinagar. He would occasionally visit my landlady who was a widow and a very pious soul. Whenever he would come to the house I would hide myself , but later I had the privilege of being one of his near beloved proteges. On his second or third visit to the lady, he spread a 'waguv' a grass mat (chattai) in the compound, which was considered to be a bad omen. The poor landlady got worried about us. Just a few days later my wife fell seriously ill, and was confined to bed for over six months. She recovered near about "Navreh". In came bab Ji with three or four men and asked my wife if she had recovered and asked to serve meals, which was ready because of the auspicious day, with her own hands.Thereafter the distance between him and our family came to an end. He would stay at our place both in Srinagar and at Jammu for weeks together and feel very happy and relieved. He only exhorted me scores of times

in writing also that I should not go hither or thither. 'I was under his banner'. This also had a significance and deep meaning.

I had a weakness for spiritual people. Our family would also visit another saint who was kind to us. My wife would feel quite attracked to that holy man. This was not acceptable to Babhjee. Babhjee always advised me in so many writings in his own hand as well as verbally that I was under his banner and I should not go elsewhere. Due to my weakness for saints I once along with my wife went to a highly placed Muslim friend of mine. He too had a Muslim saint at his place. The saint, who had a squint eye, was shabbily dressed. As soon as we met him he asked my wife,"Why have you displeased Nandbabh. Whatever we had was due to his blessings". This remark of a saint who designated himself as Sub-Inspector in charge of Hazratbal under Nandbab whom he described as the Defence Minister of India, greatly upset and amazed us.

· Here I would like to add one more miracle of Nandbabh. Both my wife and me went to see the other saint at Anantnag where he was staying. But our car, a new one, abruptly stopped near Badhamibagh contonement and would not move. I suspected the disapproval of Babh for this visit. I directed the driver to drive us back to our residence, the car went on smoothly without any trouble. Next day my wife accompanied by another Mahatma went to the saint at Anantnag. I did not go. In the evening Babhji and me met at a party where he was very angry why my wife had gone to the saint.

Nandbabh was an eminent omniscient. He could predict the future of individuals, families, groups, administrators. Future was clear before his evolved spiritual eye and he would try to help others, administrators, biggies and even governments.

Wherever he stayed the place would be thronged by people from all religions and regions. He would view the audience with a penetrating look and then reading the mind of every one present there, come out with parables, enigmatic aspirations and some times direct or indirect predictions which would suit one or the other in the audience. He would seldom talk directly but would go on dictating to anybody present containing answers to many mental quiries of the preople sitting there.

Babh's spiritual assets were inexhaustable and never diminishing. He would grant boons, favours from his spiritual assets. He was considered the Defence Minister of India. Once he was staying with us at Jammu where he had come by a taxi. After a few days he abruptly left for Delhi; enroute the car ran on simple water when its petrol was exhausted (mentioned to me by the taxi driver) and therefrom to Bombay. In Bombay he went to the International Airport. Indira Gandhi had left for some foreign country by a plane which developed some trouble after some time. The plane had to come back and land at Santa Cruz Airport. Babh was seated in a chair all along till Mrs Gandhi landed. Then she left by another plane. Babh left the airport saying that his job was done.

He had named me Hari Singh and if I did not visit him for some time he would send word through some common source to complain to Hari Singh (i.e.me) that he had not seen Bab for quite some time and should see him.

He predicted my elevation to the Bench at least three years before I became a judge, in fact took me to the room which I later occupied, telling me that that was my room.

Just a week beofe the death of my mother , who died suddenly, he consoled my father that the inevitable has to happen and he should reconcile. None could understand what he said.

Once Nandbabh was staying with us at Srinagar.He asked my niece, then a college student, to sit before him on the bed. Babh wept bitterly and used a language normally used at mourning ceremony. We could not understand anything, but after three years my niece died at a young age of 21 years in a far off place leaving behind her a 21 days old infant.

When I became an M.L.A. in 1962 after the declaration of reults he immediately went to the Returning Officer's (D.C.'s) office and sealed all the election files.

Once a serious delivery case in the family was admitted in the nursing home at 5.a.m. Babh came at 10 a.m. and sat at our place. He continued to sit till 4.30 p.m. when he asked me to take down that all worries of Janki Nath Bhat were over and all was well. He kept me busy writing chits all the day. Immediately after he left, a telephonic

call from the nursing home informed me about a safe delivery.

I once could not go to him for two or three months. Meanwhile I contacted an eminent saint from outside the State.I had further commitment with him. When I met the Babh later on he did not approve of my taking initiation from a foreigner and disclosed all that had taken place between that saint and myself with dates. I was astonished.

A certain officer was prosecuted, and he was, according to all possible calculations , to be convicted very soon. I requested Babh to save him, stating that I had never asked for any favour except this. Babh never replied nor looked at the official. Within two weeks the officer was acquitted, against all expectations.

Babh was interested in a highly placed government official who had been prosecuted on the charges of corruption. It was a very serious case. I did not then know the Babh so much, but I was the counsel for the official. Babh made me write pages after pages; all unintelligible for me, but at the end made me wrirte that Mr so & so is honourably acquitted. The allegation against the officer was that he had used Government marked material in the construction of an annexe (which according to all knowledgeable sources was correct) . When the presiding officer visited the spot , the annexe was demolished in his presence but the government marked material was found nowhere resulting in an honourable acquittal of the officer against all calculations and expectations.

Once we were coming back from Haari Ganiwan a place which Babh frequently visited. Near the Wail bridge over Sindh river , the road was blocked due to some electric wire having fallen on the road (a rare phenomenon at such a place). All traffic came to a halt and our car too had to stop.The highest officer of the Forest Department was also there.(I was then a judge of the High Court). Babh was seated in the front seat. As soon as the officer saw Babh Ji he fell at his feet and Babh ji mutterred something about some construction. I was almost in charge of that construction. I got the hint and made a request to the officer about timber for Babh's residence at Nunar which was under construction. The construction had come to a halt for want of timber. The officer said that his present job was due to Swami Ji and he prom-

fulfilled.

During the 1965 invasion on Kashmir by Pakistan Nandbabh spent so many nights in the big compound of Shri Bal Kak Dhar, a very important Kashmiri Pandit, and lit a fire all the time. One morning when I went to see him he was muttering something which I could not follow but one thing he said clearly was that Pakistani forces were going to capture Srinagar airport and he had to spend nights to avoid any such thing happening. Later it transpired officially that the Pakistani raiders had made all attempts to capture the Srinagar airport but failed. Again during that time we were assembled at the residence of Shri K.N.kaul a close disciple of Babh Ji. Babh Ji too was present. We had performed a Hawan to ward off the invasion. A Pakistani jet over the Valley and we grew panicky but Babh assured us nothing could happen and on the insistence of Mrs Kaul about our safety Babh remarked *"Meine jo likh diya aab kya ishtam likh doon"* meaning" I have already written down , should I give it on an affidavit."

Once my mother got seriously ill at Jammu. I sent a letter to Babh Ji requesting him for his blessings. A reply in his own hand said " Roag moma hai, hale and hearty" (meaning illness is puzzle,(she) will be hale and hearty) My mother recovered soon. Later when we called on his Nunar residence he asked "How is Tekri Dedi now", naming my mother as Tekri Dedi, who was with me. I said "Tekri Dedi is here to pay her respects to you", and he smiled.

My son was to be married. On the day of marriage when the Bharat was about to leave thick clouds came over the sky and a shower of rain as well. I got upset because the bride's side had arranged an open party for my guests, including some VIPs, where they were to take their meals. But the rains did not come. Later on I learnt from the bride's people that about the time of arrival of Barat Babhji came there, looking at the sky said no rain should come as our Barat was coming. Actually no rains came.

Chpater II

The Wonder Saint of Kashmir

Prem Nath Razdan (Mahnoori)

Who is there in Srinagar who has not seen at one time or the other , a quick-walking,queer-looking nimble man with a big hat on his head and a tight belt round his waist, taking long strides in quick succession along the streets of the city and elsewhere ? This thin tall man, with a big walking stick in one hand and a bunch of papers in aother , was none other than late Swami Nand lal Ji of Nunar Village. A couple of his devout disciples who followed him often found it hard to keep pace with him.

Son of Raj Guru of Maharaja Amar Singh , Shri Shanker Sahib and his wife Subadhra Ji, Swami Nand lal Ji shifted his residence, from Purshyar, Habba kadal, Srinagar to Nunar Village, near Ganderbal enroute to Tullamulla, to live with his brother who was adopted by his maternal aunt there. He was employed in the police department and posted at Ladakh. His return from Ladakh proved to be a turning point in his life. He took to spritualism and became a mystic saint.

A large number of outstanding miracles are attributed to him. Some of these miracles are described in the following pages.

The writer was deeply impressed by the spontaneous display of love and affection shown towards Swami Ji's mortal remains invariably by all sections of people irrespective of caste and creed, the high and the low alike while these were being carried through the city to the cremation ground at Karan Nagar, Srinagar in an elegantly decorated truck. Pedestrians, householders, shopkeepers flanking the road stood up in reverance showering flowers , small sugar balls (shirin) etc. on it in plenty as a mark of deep rooted respect for the departed soul.

He showered his munificence on all and sundry who went to him. There were no barriers of caste, creed, colour or religious beliefs in his holy Darbar. Members of all communities flocked to him and were equally benefitted with his spiritual bliss.

He saw one of his pious Muslim admirers rise to the highest office of his choice and when their time came to part with this mundane world for good, he said to him (the disciple) " Dear one, we have to go home now ". Pointing to himself and to his devout Muslim disciple, he said to him, "Two coffins are needed,one for you and one for me" . What a prophecy . Soon the Muslim admirer died and Swami Ji followed him due course.

Reference to a coffin for Hindu looked odd at the time. But on his demise in 1973, at New Delhi, Swami Ji's mortal remains had to be embalmed and put in a coffin before being flown to Srinagar for final rites. How curious!

The Chit Episodes

In one of his resting places in Karan nagar, Srinagar, a lady offerd him, and all others present there, tea. He, as was his wont, gave her an open chit with the following words writen on it: "Hamare Baad Kashmir Main Sheikh Sahib".

She handed over the chit to her father-in-law who immediately interpretted it to imply that Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah might come back to Kashmir politics. Soon after that , though none expected such a welcome return at the time, hot rumours began to trickle in to this efffect which ultimately came true in 1975, with the signing of the Centre State accord, better known as Indira-Sheikh Accord, and popularkly known as Kashmir accord when Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah took over the reins of the J&K State Adminmistration into his hands as its Chief Minister.

Swami Ji left for his heavenly home in 1973 and Sheri-Kashmir went personally to the Karan Nagar cremation ground to lay wreath on his mortal remains there. Soon after he became the Chief Minister of the State in 1975. Such an honour was found to enhance his prestige and restore his popularity and dignity.

On the Horns of Dilemma
Between the Devil and the Deep Sea

One Pandit Qazi, an Executive Engineer and Swami Ji's

devotee, on going to his normal visit to Swami Ji, while leaving his home, had promised his father that he would not take meat on that day, an auspicious holy day. There he took his seat near Swami Ji. Soon 'Teher-te-charven' (turmeric coloured cookd salty rice and the liver of sheep), an usual offering by Kashmiris on some auspicious functions , was brought by one of the devotees for distribution. The above mentioned engineer found himself embarassed. He felt to be on the horns of a dilemma. On one hand he had promised his father that he would not take meat that day and on the other hand he dare not decline the offer of such a "prasad" and "navied". He was deeply brooding over the issue; a storm in his mind created a tempest like situation in him.

Surprisingly, unlike the usual and normal practice of starting distribting the "prasad" from the end where Pt. Qazi was sitting near the Swami Ji, the donor started from the other end. When he reached the engineer, he by-passed him and went on distributing the "Navied" from a man sitting next to him, to his great relief.

How amusing !

Transmission of Energy

One young Mr. Qusba in U.S.A. got his pancreas damaged in an accident in his own car. At one stage, in the hospital he was declared very serious. His parents who were in Srinagar were informed telephonically about the accident and his condition. His uncle got restless and could not get a wink of sleep during whole night. Early next morning he went to Swami Ji, staying at that time across the street. Sensing Qasba Sahib's agony, he said, " How will one live on empty stomach? implying that the victim was not given any food to eat. After a few days at another place nearby, he said " Bring some tea for us to drink" Qasba sahib asked the vistims mother to comply. A third time "Kheer" (rice cooked in milk and sugar) was demanded. This too was complied which was followed by solid food. Dates of all these events had been recored by the concerned. Direct telephone calls were exchanged between Srinagar and the U.S.A. On his return for a short sojourn to the Valley after his full recovery the victims confirmed the dates when he was administered glucose, given tea to drink, semi-solid and solid food

to eat and so on.

Surprising:
Marriage Fixed

One of the well educated, saintly daughter of a family with whom Swami Ji stayed for more than a decade was quite averse to marriage. She would not agree to get married. This was a very serious problem for the family. Once when the family had gone out with Swami Ji, on way back Swami Ji touched the door of a new building saying, " This house is for (giving the name of the girl to look after". Nobody among the party understood what he meant; even the girl herself did not understand what he meant by it. The mystry got revealed quite after some time when the girl was marrried to a boy from the family living in that house.

Endurance

Once while Swami Ji was dictating something to someone as usual, he was holding a hot cup of tea in his hand. Suddenly some one (perhaps a child, I cannot recall who) , knocked his arm throwing down the hot tea on his arm. Immediately blisters became visible on the arm. It was a very painful situation, but Swami Ji still held the cup of tea in his hand and continued dictating unmindful of the excruciating pain in the arm he must have been obviously experiencing.

Absurdity of logic

Ego humbled and logic mellowed down

One day I happened to drop in one Mr K.N.Kaul's house where Swami Ji lay on a cot with a prominent Muslim devotee sitting on the floor just near the shoulder-leg of the cot surrounded by an august gathering of other people of equally high status in the society. I quietly took seat near the feet-side of the cot looking towards Swami Ji.

Some of those dignified gentlemen were found busy in drawing and painting maps either of India or Asia or world. (I do not recollect exact details). A few of these maps were pasted on the walls.

A flash of evil thought overtook my mind; why should such

intellectuals of high standing undertake to do such a petty job of little utility? I felt uneasy and was feeling as if I was sitting on a bed of thorns there. And lo! instantly a gentle glow of serene light shown over the Indian Ocean on the South West of Sri Lanka which attracted my eyes and absorbed my attention. My ego was humbled down and all my logic mellowed and rendered absurd. I turned my fallen face towards Swami Ji with humble feeling simmering in my mind as if to seek Swami Ji's permission to leave.

To my great relief, Swami Ji very affectionately moved his right arm to permit me off.

Chapter III

The Riddle on Wheels

Danger Signal (A complex riddle)

In 1960 one Shri B.N.Wali was deputed to accompany an audit inspection party to leh (Ladakh) for the first time in his service. He went to Swami Ji in the evenming hours as he had to to leave early in the next morning.

After his blessings Swami Ji handed over a chit (Swami Ji's chit was popularly called Parwana) detailing his travel programme as :

(The chit was in Urdu)

meaning :

9.7.1960

1) From Srinagar to Sonamarg— 5 a.m. to 8 a.m.; stay there for three hours.

2) 9.7.1960 Sonamarg to Drass 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. stay there for 3 hours.

(Note: Actually buses would stay there for ten to fiften minutes only and there was no such practice of staying at Drass).

3. From Drass to Kargil 5 P.M. to 7.30 p.m.. A night's stay there.

4. From Kargil to Khalsi 5 a.m. to 11 a.m. stay for four hours there.

5. From Khalsi to Leh 3 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

6. Brij Nath Wali reaches safe and sound.

Shri B.N.Wali kept on checking and tickimng the time schedule. He found the programme correct to the minute.

But serial No. 6 on the itenary turned out to be intriguing. For, while negotiating a 90 degree curve at Khalsi, the bus skidded, turned turtle and took a couple of turns down the slope before it came to a topsy turvey stop against a big rock. The jawans of the nearby military picket reached the scene and engaged themselves in rescue work.

They shouted into the bus , "Is there anybody alive ?"

Brij Nath who happened to have firmly caught hold of his seat, stood up and came out safely bare footed, and found his way on the rock, unscathed. He could not venture forth upto the highway as the whole slope was strewn with pieces of broken glass. He entered the bus again cautiously, brought out his shoes and moved on to the road above. The rest of the passengers, bleeding and very seriously injured, lay unconscious. One of them died soon after he was brought out.

The jawans rescued all, nursed and bandaged the wounded before they were allowed to proceed on to Leh after the bus was salvaged and promptly repaired to resume the onward journey. (I do not remember whether or not , a second was hired for the purpose or the same bus was repaired).

Oddly enough the whole operation took exactly four hours, as predicted in the riddle, before the bus wheeled off again.

Brij Nath Wali alone was "safe and sound". The Commanding Officer of the Army Unit had thought that Shri Brij Lal Wali was travelling in a jeep as he found him quite well. . On knowing the exact position, he was surprised to see Swami Ji's predictions in the chit (Parwana).

What a puzzling, nay bewildering prediction was it.

The Paradox

One M.A. Malik's wife was taken seriously ill. She cried with pain. It was almost mid-night.The locality was a semi-wilderness, a doctorless suburb.He asked his mother and children to take care of his wife till he could find out some doctor from some place and purchase the requisite medicines. He made frantic efforts to find a doctor but could not find any. He went to a couple of doctors known to him in the area., but none was at home that night. He knocked at the medicine shops but to no purpose. None was available. Exhausted at last he rushed back helplessly, at least to render some first aid possible at his hands. On the way back he was almost gripped with panic. He wept and prayed, as he visibly trembled.

" My saintly wife is dying. Oh God! take mercy on me, my old mother and children. O! Swami Ji , please come to my rescue. I am undone.Pray help me in this hour of crisis. For God's sake give her

healing touch and bring her back to life", he chanted while moving homeward with shaking steps.

The prayers were sincere and honest coming from the depth of his heart and mind.

And to his great surprise, his wife came down to greet him at the door and received him in. " How is it? Are you feigning to be all right to calm me down ?" Malik asked

" No dear I am perfectly normal and healthy. I have no complaint now God has saved me . Your spiritual power is great. May God bless you" was the consoling reply.

The cortege incident

A well known fact narrated to me by many eyewitnesses and close observers including one G.M.Bhat of Tankipora (Retd. police service) and Brij Nath Stands as flollows:

On Swami Ji's sad demise in New Delhi his mortal remains were brought to Srinagar. These were taken out in a massive funeral procession through Srinagar city in a truck (Cortege). On its way through the city to the cremation ground the truck suddenly stopped at three places enroute for a few minutes 1) At Karafalli Mohalla, near late Saint Smt. Sati Mata's residence; 2) Tankipora near late Maheshwar Nath Razdan's house, and c) also at Tanki Pora near one D.N.Raina's house which happend to be the residence of their saintly mother.

Inspite of the streneous efforts of the expert driver, the truck refused move even an inch for quite a few minutes. Then suddenly it wheeled forward as before.

At the third "halt" , the holy corpse is reported to have spurted its blood vessels, developed wrinkles on the face and finally taken a turn to face the said house, before the truck could move further on.

Chpater IV

The Transcendental authority

Some more incidents and predictions, direct or indirect, in riddles. These have been narrated to Shri P.N., Razdan by several people duriung these years of migration, since 1990 onwards. Among those who have narrated these are some eye-witnesses to these events and include Shri B.N.Wali, Shri O.N.Warikoo, Sri Shanti Sus, Sri O.N.Thusoo, Sri Gulam Mohd and many others.

1. Riddle of success in every field:

One Mohamad Abdullah Malik (*) is a pious and devout Muslim spiritualist who spares no pains to help the poor and helpless people. One of his intimate friends told me that from the very start of his service in an important department of the Government , he had been and is spending a substantial portion of his salary (and now his pension) to mitigate the sufferings of the needy.

He and his friend B.N.Wali, shared all sentiments, feelings and thoughts as well as spiritual experiences with each other.

**(Note: He reminds me of that great unmatched Headmaster of C.M.S. Central Biscoe High School who was famous for his scholarship in English, Urdu Persian, Sanskrit and Arabic, his saintliness sociability together with a commanding roar like that of lion , perfect human attitude and self sacrifice. No doubt that he could spend much on widows, as malik Sahib. He saved from drowning in river Jehlum his neighbour at mid-night (a suicide attempt to escape painful illness), in mid winter when he was a septagenarian. The residences of both were close by on the river bank.)*

Despite his academic merit and general intelligence, Malik Sahib failed in his departmental examination in his first attempt. After this

he filled in his examination form for a second time, when he tried to pursuade his friend also to take a chance. But since the latter was a fresher in service he declined. A few days later, when Shri Malik had completed his examination, he asked his friend just to see Swami Ji in this connection as till then he had heard much about his spiritual powers from others.

Shri Wali did as desired. He told Swami Ji about his friend,Shri Malik's concern.

Oddly enough , Swami Ji's reply was direct and spontaneous as if he knew everything about him.

"Your friend Mohd Abdullah will pass all examinations" Swami Ji said.

On hearing about the prophecy , Shri malik showed his inclination to pay his respects to Swami Ji in person. Both went there after a few days and Mr Wali introduced his friend repeating his previous concern and request to Swami Ji. The passionate appeal evoked a quick and positive response. As narrated to me it stands as follows:

Imtihan yak taraf/Mohd Abdullah malik Yak Taraf
Ba hukum Swami Nandlal;
Mohd Abdullah sub imtihan main pass.
(Examinations on one side; and Mohd Abdullah malik on the other;
By Ordr of Swami nandLal ,
Mohd Abdullah Malik passes all examinations).

The said order was written by Swami Ji himself and handed over to Malik Sahib before getting it recorded too.

Whereas the first part of the prediction obviously meant that Malik Sahib would succeed irrespective of examinations, the second part predicted his success in all aspects and tests of life. This was substantiated by the events that followed.

To Shri Malik's dismay his name was missing from the list of successful candidates. The pass percentage of successful candidates was only 18 %. When they contacted Swami again his reaction to this was the same as before. And when his attention was subsequently drawn to the list of marks cards issued under the signature of the All India Chief Registrar, Swami Ji was consistent in his response.

Swami Ji wrote again and dictated the order for the socalled record, before its issuance to Mr Malik in person. The order read as:

Ba Hukum-i Swami Nandlal, Mohd Abdullah Malik ,
Walado——Malik,
Sakin——Srinagar—— sub imtihan main pass
BY order of Swami nand lal , Mohd Abdullah Malik s/o —
—Malik
r/o——Srinagar, passes in all the examinations.

In the meantime, there was a violent demonstration in South India in protest against the low result percentage. The basis of the massive demonstrations was the usual complaint that a large proportion of the questions were out of syllabus.

On investigation the grievance was found to be quite justified and genuine. And so, the concerned authorities were compelled to appprove an increase of 10 per cent marks as grace marks to all the candidates. This raised Mr Malik's score from 52% to 62% when the requisite pass percentage was put at 60%.

Mr Mohd Abdullah Malik was as such declared successful. What a transcedental intuition Swami Ji possessed.

Pounding the Husk
The riddle of failure:

In early seventies one Superintending Engineer's wife had made her daughter to deposit fees for getting her Mathematics answer books re-checked in Matriculation Examination in the J&K School Board of Education; the basis being that the girl had subsequently solved the whole paper correctly at home.

Because of her over anxiety and concern the girl's mother went to seek Swami Ji's blessing s in the matter. No sooner did she enter the jam packed room she was greeted with a riddle addressed to the whole gathering:

Aamein pannan veti zeil chhi diwan
aawlin pannan beyi phir chhi diwan

"They are projecting finger tips to probe through raw

read. they are violently swirling tiny delicate (weak) threads".
bviously this was a negative reply to her wish, which the lady could not nderstand.

The lady, in self deception, left convinced that something good as being done in favour of her daughter , as expressed by her to the thor.

But alas! to her dismay , the final outcome of the re-checking was gative.

This is exactly what the Swamiji had actually conveyed to her in e riddle, but she had not understood the meaning behind it.

Riddle of success

In a similar case of B.Sc. Examination, a certain candidate , one ri Quasba was indirectly asked to see the concerned Board authorities out his actual results. The candidate is said to have taken it lightly as he d the impression that nothinhg concrete had happened before,nor did expect it to happen then. But all the same, his parents insisted that he ould deposit the re-checking fee. On re-checking some discrepancy was und in the marking of the papers and he was declared successful. This as narratedd by the candidate himself to the author.

Chapter V

Presence in Absentia

One Janki Nath Patwari's father (name not recollected) one fine morning left his home after his breakfast to attend the court of law in connection with his land dispute. It was probably the last day of discussion and argumentation in the court.

On emerging from the lane leading from his house to the road outside, he encountered Swami Ji , followed by a group of his followers on his usual rambles through the city. Per force, on Swami Ji's bidding, he willy nilly joined the ramble. He walked briskly as was Swami Ji's habit,thorough out the whole day, nearly upto 4 p.m. The briskness of walking had tired him. Over the exhaustion he was restless and overwhelmingly worried on acount of the Court Case. He could not attend the court case for which he had started from his home. He felt very sad and sullen at the end of the day when all people left for their homes. He was too nervous to walk back home.

"My God, how hypnotised had I become to ignore my immediate interests! What had urged me to lend myself to fruitless enticement if it may be called so ? I am undone. I have lost my winning case. The Hon'ble court might have given an ex-party judgement against me", he thought to himself.

"But who, is to be blamed, but I, myself" he muttered to himself in a highly emotive and disturbed state of mind.

In such an atmosphere of his mental turmoil , his trembling legs took him to the Court premises. He ventured forth to enter the concerned office as the Court session was already over. He enquired about the judgement or the date of next hearing. He was quite uncertain of the fate of his case.

"What a nuisance are you? You were very much yourself present during the deliberations. How many times should I tell you that it has been fixed for 15th November" Feeling surprised he pressed for more information The concerned clerk got irritaed and retorted

him and said " How pestering you are ? How dare you interfere with my office work". He felt astonished when the truth dawned upon his mind. He felt as if he himself was present in the court during the proceedings of the case while participating in Swami Ji's rambles at the same time. Soon after the case was decided outside the court by mutual agreement in his favour.

One Kashi Nath of Nunar village who was working in the police department had to stand at the head of a group of his colleagues in a guest house occupied by some V.I.P. guests of the State Chief Minister, Shri G.M.Sadiq Sahib. On the very first day of his assignment,when he left his Karfali Mohalla residence, he was lured to accompany Swami Ji and his group of followers. He joined their tour around the city. He could not resist the pursuation. He was allowed to go after full one week during which he was expected to be on duty with the V.I.Ps.

Trembling and apprehensive, he went to attend his duties expecting only to receive his dismissal order for his absence and deriliction of his duty. Instead, he is said to have been sent for by the Chief Minister himself on his arrival. The Chief Minister is said to have patted him and honoured him with appreciation for his devotion to duty as had been conveyed to him by his V.I.P. guests.

Kashi Nath heaved a sigh of relief.

How unbelievable, but true !

The Petrol Incident

Petrol storage in advance

An Executive Engineer , Shri O.N. Thusoo, once purchased a can of petrol at some concessional rate, though he did not need it. His family members dumped it somewhere in the store room. Time passd by and all was forgotten about it.

Once while Mr Thusoo was sitting comfortably among his family members, there was knocking at the door. The family, being deeply absorbed in gosssip, did not hear it till the knocking became quite louder and more violent. Suddenly Mr Thusoo got up and asked as to who was knocking at the door. He looked out of the window and was greeted with a "Salam" by some gentleman, saying further he was sent

by Swami Ji to call him out. Swami Ji was waiting in a car outside near the roadside.

Mr Thusoo accompanied the gentleman to the car. There Swami Ji asked him to immediately fill the tank of the vehicle with petrol for full day's journey. Pandit Ji's mind reeled for a while followed by a flash of uncertain recollection. He ran back home and told his family members about Swami Ji's demand and asked for the petrol can. The fuel tank of the vehicle was filled with petrol for the day's journey.

What a surprise it was for the family. They wondered how Swami Ji had anticipated the storage of petrol in that remote rural locality, Aishimuquam, lacking automobile traffic during those days.

Marital Verdict
The Marriage Problem

One of the sons of a Sumbly family was adament not to get married , or at least, it seemed to be so. He always declined to marry till he was almost past the marriageable stage so much so that his parents had lost all hope of pushing him into any matrimonial relationship.

But the parental aspirations would not and did not permit them to give up hope. As the last attempt they sought Swami Ji's advice and help to the extent possible to put their son on the wheels of family life.

“ Why do people try to tie a robust youth to the peg of the green valley ? Can't they cherish the idea of his going out of this snowy circle of mountains to find his solace somewhere else?” was the retort the parents were greeted with as soon as they entered Swami Ji's room and sat amidst other people.

None but the parents of the boy turned pale on hearing this. They apprehended that they had lost their son to that tribe of yellow robed wandering saints.

But not long after, their son went to Kishtwar in connection with his service and got himself married there with the welcome participation of his aggrieved parents and close relatives.

Chapter VI

The succession Problem

Bakhshi , Shams-u-Din and Sadiq

By a strange coincidence, Bakhshi Gulam Mohammad , the Budshah or Sah-i-Jahan of modern Kashmir as people called him and was a poor man's hope, is said to have reached the scene near Aishmuquam on way to Pahalgam just when Swami Ji was asking Mr O.N.Thusoo to fill his (Swami ji's) car with petrol. On seeing him from a distance, Bakhshi Gulam Mohammad is said to have rushed to pay his respects to him and offered petrol from his own car as a matter of courtesy and respect.

Strangely enough , Swami Ji is said to have declined the offer. Instead, he is said to have demanded back his pen, which he had given to Bakhshi Sahin and was retained by him.It spelt the proverbial doom for Bakhshi Gulam Mohammad, who understood the meaning and significance of the event. He could grasp the outcome and became gloomy.

Later the car is said to have been refuelled on payment for the return journey by Mr Thusoo.

Being a close disciple of Swami Ji Mr Thusoo ventured to ask the Swami Ji the reason for refusal.

Giving a pin point description of Shamas-u-Din Sahib, Swami Ji said, " Some robust, stout man wearing a big fur cap and hailing from rural area, must have a chance to......" Mr Thusoo got the clue. As narrated by Mr Thusoo to the author , he turned pale and was overwhelmed by a spell of gloom.

Tuning up his nerves, he said to Swami Ji in a sad tone, "Swami Ji my hostile Chief Engineer is a close friend of this man. And this spells ruin for me...."

" God is great. Don't worry. It is only a temporary measure. Another well built wise man wearing a fur cap and spectacles may

take his place" came the prompt reply. This consoled Mr Thusoo.

And it was Gulam Mohammad Sadiq who took over from Mr Shams-u-Din as the next Chief Minister.

Reward and Punishment

Puzzling incident of Hakim Sham Lal Bhat

One Thusoo Sahib was over engaged in connection with the construction and development of Ganderbal Power House. He could not find time to visit Swami Ji at Nunar for several weeks.

On his next visit to Swami Ji , he was asked the reasons of his absence for so long.

" Swami Ji , I was too busy at the site to find time for the visit", was the reply.

"O, Is it so ? All right go to Shyam Bhat", he retorted. (Pandit Shyam Lal Bhat was a famous unani physician (Hakeem) of Habba Kadal, Srinagar).

No sooner did Mr Thusoo reach home than he fell severally ill and was restless with excruciating pain. He became unconscious and even went into coma several times. Top most doctors of the time attended to, but with no relief. The vital stage of the construction of the Ganderbal Power House suffered. The concerned engineering staff including the Chief Engineer , visited him at home. At last his Chief Engineer suggested that he should be taken to the famous Unani physician Shri Shyam Lal Bhat, who happend to be his family physician.

The suggestion worked and Mr Thusoo got examined and finally treated by Hakeeem Shyam Lal Bhat . He recovered and visited Swami Ji before attending to his duty.

"Swami Ji, " what did you do " He said meekly, "I suffered too much for too long".

" That was destined. None could help it", came the reply.

Miscellaneous Predictions

Tea and Salary Episodes

a) Once Swami Ji, while at Thusoo Ji's home at the Darigund village, had tea several times. He called Mrs Thusoo again soon after

sipping empty a hot cup of tea. He asked her to prepare a few cups of tea again.

Thusoo Ji enquired, "Swami Ji, you had tea just now, would it not be harmful" ?

" No, my boy; a guest is coming. He must have tea just now", he replied.

And lo! and behold! Grata Mout ,another mastana stepped in along with Mrs Thusoo, who was carrying fresh tea.

And so all partook of it.

b) Mr. Thusoo joined his service after training. He was not given any increment for sometime as his relations with the Chief Engineer were not good.

One day he pointed it out to Swami Ji and in reply was told that he was going to get two increments soon. This came out to be true soon after.

c) In 1965 a burqua clad woman once approached Swami Ji to plead for her husband who had gone to fight the Indo-Pak war. She was pining for information about his whereabouts and return to home. In reply she was told to prepare to receive him that very day. She was happy to do so and receive him that very evening, as narrated to the author by Mr O.N.Warikoo who probably knew the lady and her husband.

d) Once at Hashias, Swami Ji handed over a book on Engineering to V.K.Warikoo, telling him that he had something to do with such books. Soon, as the author was told by V.K.Warikoo's father Shri O.N.Warikoo, his son was admitted in the engineering College at Srinagar. On completing his training course he was employed in the Govt. service in his own State. He is presently working as an Assistant Executive Engineer.

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Chapter VII

Puzzling decision

Date of death predicted in a dream

One Jia Lal of Srinagar lay ill on his death bed. All the clos relatives had assembled for his last darshan. One of his sons quickl went to inform Swami Ji about the serious condition of Pandit Jia L Ji. He told him about his father's struggle beteween life and death. " But no, your father has to live for six months more. I will pre-infor you three days before his demise. Don't you worry on this score" Swami Ji told the son.

And lo! and behold! Jia lal recovered and regained his healt Exactly three days before his (Jia Lal's) death, Swami Ji appeared i his son's dream on 29th October telling him, " I have come to infor you, as promised, that there are only three days left for.....You kno and remember..... what I had told you that day."

The information trickled down somehow to each and eve member of the family and close relatives who could not reconcile wi the prediction.. They thought it was only a dream.... an outcome o perturbed mind, as Jia Lal was quite healthy now. He had never so f been enjoying such a good health and happy association. They fou it impossible to think in terms of his death....

But , no they were wrong to think so. Jia Lal died all o suddden due to heart failure and that too on November 2nd, exact three days after the dream.

Cultural Rebuttal

Reading the mind at the spur of the moment

One day one Mohini Raina/ Qasba of Calcutta attended a co gregation presided over , as per daily routine, by Swami Ji himse

After having a couple of sips of tea, Swami Ji passed it on to others to partake of it. Raina's mind revolted on watching the spectacle from a distance.

No sooner did her tongue began to vibrate inside her closed mouth, than quick came the response from Swami Ji, "If a brother shares a brother's/sister's tea, is it wrong" ?

The lady was surprised and mum at the retort.

But her sentiments were not allowed to be hurt as she was not offered the tea and therby her dignity and honour not touched.

A Veiled Prediction

A renowned geologist and scientist and leader of the second Indian Expedition to the snowy continent of Antiartica, Pandit Vijay Raina of Panchkula , Haryana, who built hutments for Indian enclave there before starting their experimentation there, once attended Swami Ji's gathering of devotees around him.

Mr Raina has naratted to the author how Swami Ji suddenly interrupted a long boistrous talk, as was his wont, by a remark, "Won't we feel exhausted in blazing heat going up and moving down the hills and dales of Jammu ? Would not we pine for the cool breeze of the Chinar trees there ?.

Nobody understood the riddle as it was many years before the migration, then. And , the valley was as peaceful and tranquil as for all the centuries of cordiality as in the past.

The truth dawned upon us in the winter months of 1990. Let us hope and prey that the flame of violence on all sides will quell and spiritual calm return to the Valley along with the safe return of the sectioin of harangued migrants, the original inhabitants of the Valley. Let it once again truly become the heaven on the earth.

Chpater VIII

Allaying the Fears

Juxtraposition

One Shri K.L.Moza was appointed as a lecturer in Physics in S.P.College, Srinagar in 1965.

On the river bund nearby there existed the office of the J&K Minerals Ltd. In his free time Prof Moza usually went there to relax in the cool breeze with his known people and have a cup of tea.

On one such occasion , on the completion of their official work, the whole party sat at ease comfortably around a table. Busy in random talks verging on boisterousness at times, the party had forgotten all their woes and worries of this mundane world.

Slowly and steadily at the moment, stepped up, in long strides, Swami Nand lal Ji and party. All of a sudden like a flash of lightening , they entered into the room.

The busy party inside could not but stand up in reverential surprise and pin-drop silence.

Swami Ji went round , applying redlead (sindhoor tika on the forhead of one and all those present in the room, leaving alone Prof. Moza. Swami Ji left out as suddenly as the party had stepped into the room.

Hushed up silence was broken, by whispering waves that filled the air all around the table. Light and serious whispers surcharged the atmosphere. A pleasant wave of satisfactiom echoed from the four walls. The employees as a whole were happy at the supposed honour predicting the so-called good luck for them on account of the applying of redlead to their forheads.

But a lonely, brooding soul, Shri Moza looked aghast and grim like a habitual introvert. He shivered from inside from the fright of something woeful befalling upon him in the near future. He fretted

and fumed with terrible dread.

Some of the otherwise jolly employees caught sight of his abject condition and smelled the rot in him. For Shri Moza the lone member in the party who did not have a tilak applied to his forehead by the Swami Ji he felt something wrong was in store for him.

A hush of silence overtook the atmosphere in sympathy for him. Moza Sahib was consoled and accompanied back home after they had washed their faces.

Time passed on and one fine day the government headed by Mr G.M. Sadiq ordered the closure of the J&KMinerals Ltd. The employees were rendered unemployed. Prof. Moza, being freshly appointed lecturer, was spared as he did not belong to the J&K Minerals Department.

The interpretation of the incident turned out to be quite the reverse what they had thought it meant!

The secret of In and Out

If winter comes , can spring be far behind?

Shri V.N.Tiku's old father Shri Harishwar Nath Tiku was a house-hold saint. Shri V.N.tiku was a government servant but a saint in the making. Both lived together in a saintly family in their own house at Malik Bagh in Zaindar Mohalla, Srinagar, Kashmir. They usually sat, as many Kashmiris do, on the windows looking into the sky , the streets and the compound around.

. One day during winter months Swami Ji passed that way. They saw him at a distance. On approaching their house, Swami Ji pushed an old follower of his into the compound of the house of Tiku Sahib and then pulled him out. He repeated the process several times, pushing him in and out before he and his party went on the usual ramble around the streets.

Both Shri H. N. Tiku and his son V.K.Tiku were watching the activities of Swami Ji.

Shri H.N.Tiku pondered over the incident, introspected and brooded over the incident throughout the night. He interpreted it in his own mind and felt that some thing bad was going to happen to the family sooner or later. Next day he asked all the members of the fam-

ily to stay at home for the day. Obedience was spontaneous. The family engaged itself in usual domestic chores, had their breakfast after morning prayers and lunch as usual. The family sat together and engaged themselves in an informal chat which verged on to religio-philosophical discussions. Shri H.N.Tiku yawned and asked for water in a weak stammering voice.

An overwhelming atmosphere of silence overtook the happy discussions. A cup of water ws quickly offered to the reverd father. He tried to grasp it in his shivering hands but could not. Noticing the contents spilling out of cup, Shri V.N.Tiku helped his father to drink water. But Shri H.N.Tiku turned pale. Shri V.N.Tiku rested his father who was heavily gasping for breath in his lap.

But alas! The saintly Tiku went to eternal sleep in his son's lap, never to rise again.

The dawn of the spring

Some time after, but not on any very far off date, Swami Nand Lal Ji and party again appeared on the scene. They entered the compound of Shri V.N.Tiku's Malik Bagh residence at Zaindar Mohalla, Srinagar with a few small bags and load of paper.

Shri Tiku , the younger saint in the making, was again sitting on the window as usual. Swami Ji filled the bags with paper and hurled these into the house one by one. On the completion of the task, Swami Ji left for his destination alongh with his party.

Shri V.K.Tiku watched the whole scene with mixed feelings of apprehension and frightful forbodings. He too, like his late father, asked all to stay back at home , the next day.

Hushed up silence in subdued sobs overwhelmed the family. Mixed interpretations of good as well as bad events to come, however, kept the inmates under control and in a confusion. There was anxiety as well as fear in every body's mind. All too unexpectedly , the next day, there was knocking at the door at noon time. Fearing the forbodings of the previous incident some one from the family asked in a hoarse trembling voice "Who is it knocking at the door" ? " It is a messenger from the secretary's office. Is Tiku Sahib inside" ? came the reply. A messenger from the higher office of the concerned depart-

ment was waiting at the door.

Slowly moving with shakey steps came down a member of the family to open the door to the visiter.

"Salam, Babu Ji. Is Tiku Sahib here ? The secretary (of the separtment) has sent for him just now. He has deputed me in his car to take Tiku Sahib along for consultation on some important matters immediately. Please ask him to accompany me just now ", said the messenger.

Tiku Sahib accompanied the messenger in compliance with the call of duty. An atmosphere of suspense clouded the family for the whole day till Tiku Sahib returned late in the evening with smiling face. There after, Tiku Sahib had to deal with all the important files in the department in a higher grade.

Thus Swami Ji by throwing bundles of paper into the house had prophecied the heavy work load and reposnsibility for Mr Tiku and all the anxieties of the family over the incident and behaviour of Swami Ji were gone.

Rejunivation

A devout Muslim admirer, a driver, of Swami Ji at Karan Nagar, Srinagar, owned a dilapidated rickety car condemned to confinement of his garage except for limited movement in secluded and comparatively isolated road side of Srinagar suburb.

One day while the Swami Ji was holding an audience in the assembly hall of the devotee some highly placed intellectuals surrounded by others were busy painting maps of India and Swami Ji was in conversation with a top ranking Muslim admirer. The author heard the said driver whispering something to some of those sitting by his side.Quite visibly he narrated an amazing anecdote thus: " Once swami Ji sent a message to me for an urgent meeting. I rushed to him without delay expecting some urgency of work. I entered the assembly hall and sat among the audience. Soon after Swami Ji said in his usual manner of addressing the concerned in a general way, `One has to go for flying trip to Delhi by road. Let us reach there, the day after tomorrow'.Pointing specifically towards me, he asked me to get ready with full quota of petrol for the return journey.

" I pleaded with him that my car was dilapidated and rickety. It lay dumped in the garage".

" Never mind take this money and store enough petrol to cover the whole distance from here to Delhi and back", Swami Ji said.

"Stunned and dumb founded though I was , I ventured not to insist on the actual and factual position of my car. Accepting the money in fright of the consequences and forebodings fatal accident somewhere during this hazardous alpine journey, I returned back to him on the stipulated date and time to pack up; though trembling in fear of a major collapse of all of us.

Continuing his narration the driver said "The wheels rotated and the car plied up and down on the zig-zag mountains of Jammu and thence on the plains on way to Delhi. I was quite surprised not only to find the car moving smoothly all the way but also to discover that where as all the vehicles were stopped for check up for different purposes, our car remained uninterrupted throughout the whole journey from Srinagar to Delhi and back".

Such was Swami Ji's spiritual power and magnetism.

Paradox or Hallucination?

One Mr Qasb's family has been a veritable saintly family in Srinagar. Naturally it has remained a hub of a many saints, Sadhus, peers and faquars for long. One such holy man had made their house as one of his sanctuaries. The auther knows at least three of them in the city. May be there had been some more such sanctuaries of his in Srinagar.

Once in a free informal talk Prof. Brij Nath narrated some very interesting experiences of his with Swami Nand Lal Ji to the author. He began one of his experiences thus : " One winter when we were at Delhi office of our business, my father and I decided to go for a trip to Uttar Pradesh. On a Sunday morning we left home in our car and plied to our destination in U.P. After a few hours when we were travelling in a comparatively lonely terrain on the way I sighted a bullock cart moving sluggishly forward at a distance. I, on going ahead, sighted a queerly dressed tall, thin man with an odd look and a belt round his waist. He was holding a long staff in his right hand and a bundle of

papers in his left hand sitting by the side of the cart driver. I did clearly recognise him from the side. It was Swami Nand Lal Ji.

"Drawing my father's attention towards the bullock cart saying " My father, Swami Ji is there on the bullock cart sitting on the left hand side of the cart driver. What a wonderful thing it is to have his august darshan during this secluded journey of ours in this serene silence of nature in its glorious veridure and scenic beauty. Quick came daddy's confirmation in surprise, saying " How fortunate we are to get this golden chance to pay our obescience to him at such a far-off place from home. Let us be quick to pick him up and carry him along on our trip.

" I directed my car driver to speed up and move towrads the bullock cart. Moving ahead of the bullock cart , I parked the car on one side. Aighting from the car we walked on to pay our respects to Swami Ji and pick him up in our car. But when we reached the bullock cart , Swami Ji disappeared, all too suddenly or may be , he was still there by the side of the cart driver but quite invisible to both of us. " What a strange experience !

Father and son had found an oasis in the desert but it proved only a mirage in the dreary expanse of the burning sand of a Sahara desert of North Africa, so to say.

Could it be a mirage or a hallucination; one cannot say.

However, the author can say with confidence that it was not so. Knowing the saintly background of the whole family and their mutual reverence and respect for the Swami Ji, one can say with confidence and firm faith that it was their devotion and Bhakjti that made Swami Ji bless them with his august Darshan on the way to keep them in good humour and make their journey safe and sound.

It is most probable that he wanted to ensure them of his presence all along their way whether they felt so or not. As for their desire to have him physically accompany them , Swami Ji could never stand in the way of freedom of movement and choice of his admirers and devotees. He did not want to disturb the programme of the father and the son.

Chapter IX

Peeping into the Mystries of Future

One Dr. Qasba of Srinagar had two sons. He married both of them in October 1970. The marriage ceremonies were performed within an interval of a couple of days.

In due course of time a daughter was born to the elder daughter-in-law, but the younger one did not give any signs of such an occurance for a long time. He mother-in-law became quite anxious. She turned sad. She would usually sit aloof brooding over the matter. One day it struck her imagination to go to Swami Ji (then residing in their house) . While carrying her tea as usual to the Swami Ji she wanted to sit and see what intuitive riddle SwamiJi could offer her to mitigate her suffering and anxiety.

The next morning , the lady asked her younger daughter-in-law to carry a *samawar* of tea and cups and accompany her to Swami Ji's room. The younger daughter-in-law did as directed. She offered the cup to Swami Ji, but before accepting the cup Swami Ji put two jennues (sacred threads) on her neck.

None , but the mother-in-law perhaps, could understand at the moment the significance and meaning of the act of Swami Ji.

Soon a son was born to the younger daughter -in-law and after a couple of years one more son was born. The long awaited ambition of the mother-in-law and others was realised, and the implication of the symbolic riddle understood.

Who can explain this phenomenon !

Another incident worth recording and narrating is as:

During my admission in the AIIMS, New Delhi in January 1975 a room-mate patienmt of mine narrated Swami Ji's prediction to me.

One of the four seriously ill patients of a four-bedded hopspital room in the AIIMS, New Delhi was robbed off all joy of life and turned

ghastly pale due to fright of imminet death. The fear of death had gripped the entire family. All the family people had the impression that the patient was suffering from cancer.

Not bearinbg the sight of overwhelming shadows of death that reflected from his sunken body , I tried to bring him out of his gloomy mood time and again. Referring to the serious nature of my undiagnosed illness, I told him that when I could remain normal and unperturbed why could he not be so and why should he remain pensive. I advised him to bring the 'Man' out of him , be brave and courageous as this way alone he could dispel his fears.I suggested that all this can be done by invoking the Almighty and chanting his name like Om Namah Shivai or Hare Rama Hare Krishnsha etc. "The prayers will neutralise your fears and your ailment will be off", I suggested to him. The sermons fell flat on his ears or at the most had only a tangential effect.Just as the blowing of a hot cup of milk may cool the upper surface only leaving the remaining pot as hot as it was , the sermons worker only that much.

Continuing his narration the patient said that one day a full panel of doctors , on their round just entered our room. They discussed the serious condition and symptoms and diagnosis of the ailment of the four patients near his hospital bed. The patient could easily over hear them saying that then (panicky) patient was to be operated upon for stomach ulcer and the other patient on his side for seriously complicated multiple diseases of throat, gullet and alimentary cannal. The date was fixed for the day after.

Then gate bell rang to announce the time for prospective visitors to see their kith and kin in the hospital. In came the patient's mother and a few other members of his family.

Being confident of the nature of the operation that was to be performed upon the pensive patient, I was very happy to continue my sermons with full faith and advised him to give up his fears as he was being operated upon for stomach ulcer and not for any canerous diseases as imagined by him.

The encouragement worked and went straight to the hearts and mkinds of his family people. This was reflected by the smiling face of the patient. The association and the encouragement got by the pa-

tient made him reveal his heart to the author:

"Dear Pandit Sahib, I am a fruit seller. I take fruit in a hand cart and sell it in crowded corners of the streets. I am a poor man a you can understand now. After the birth of three daughters in succes sion, one day a naked ash besmirched Sadhu came to our door. He wa called in and offered tea in all reverance. During the course of tal with him, I and my mother narrated our tale of woes to him and co veyed our concern for the birth of a son after we had three daughter In this particular unassuming conversation, he predicted the birth three more daughters one after the other and then punctuated it wi the birth of a son.

" But......." he said and paused for as while.

A shock wave of icy cold wind penetrated our body and sent very painful current as if electricity had passed from our head to foo Our faces fell. We sank in our seats."

In a very faint voice, I managed to enquire " respected Swa Ji, what does this "But" imply " ?

Nothing extra-ordinary, my boy. Don't lose heart. Rise to t occasion. Listen . At the time of birth of your seventh child, fort nately a son, your wife will be seriously ill with labour pains. If y don't take her to a hospital she will die. If you take her there she w surely give birth to a healthy baby son", he said.

Continuing he predicted birth of six more girls in successio

Time passed by, we forgot all about Babha Ji's affair or else deliberately might have taken it as mere trash and become willfu oblivious of this sad prediction.

But three more daughters were actually added to the scor my children.

On the eve of seventh delivery my wife fell seriously ill w labour pains. Instantly Bhaba Ji's words came to my mind. Not c ing for the traditions of our family decorum, I rushed her to a nea hospital. She delivered as well built baby son as predicted by the besmired Bhaba Ji (Sadhu Ji).

Six more daughters were born after that. Thus total scor my children was raised to thirteen (twelve daughterrs and one so

What an unbelievable prediction !

Chapter X

Nandababh the Mastana

by

Moti Lal Bhat "Shafiq"

A
Panoramic view of Swami Ji's Mysticism, Spiritualism and Humanism

(We find it too irresitible a temptation to use freely the lucid description in concrete terms of the Panoramic view of Swami Ji's mysticism, spiritual heights and human sympathy extracted from the scholarly treatise " Nandbab the Mastana" on Swami NandLal Ji by Shri Moti Lal Bhat "Shafiq". Some extracts from the book are reproduced in the folowing pages--authors).

He (Iswarsaropp Paraaswami NandLal Sahib Kaul) appeared as a youth on the spiritual scene of Kashmir and strode it for over 50 years like a gentle colossus leaving behind indelible imprints of the paths he trod, places he visited, the people who followed him and those who joined his spiritual cvongregations.

For his humane qualities of head and heart, he was popularly known by tyhe homel;y name of 'Nandbab'. In spoken lanmguage 'Nanda' is an abbreviation of the name nandlal and 'bab' means father, elderly person. That was the profundity of the fervour unfathomable reverence which his devotees had for him.

Strangely dressed, as he always used to be Nandbab did not seem , from his outward appearance , to be uninitiated, to be what he in reality was to the initiated. The knowledge of the changeful multitude and of the imperishable changeless reality , the spiritual unity and solidarity of all existence, the One behind the many without a prior or posterior, had fully blossomed in the Eden of his inner self. He was a universal man a *'vishvapursha'*, integrated within and without. Himself having risen from mortal to the immortal status of existence,

Nandbab ever endeavoured to lead his devotees from the phenomenal world of appearances to the realm of reality; from the darkness of unawareness to the light of awareness, from the lower nature *'apara prakrati'* to the higher Nature *' Para Prakrati'*

While doing so, he did not lose sight of the meaning and importance of life in the world. The inviolable relastionship between thr Cosmic Reality and the individual soul was well known to himHe had an intelligent undwerstanding of being a man firsdt and then being a saint. It is true manliness which on fruition leads to godliness, was lucidly clear to this man of Supreme knowledge— the *'mahagyani'* and he boldly acted upon this unifying all-embracing message of the Upanishads.

Always wearing a mystic smile which spoke volumes about the divine ecstasy of his ttansformed being Nandabad the man of the epoch- the *'Yugapurusha'* attracted thousands of people, from far and wide, yearning for hisblessing for their solace and protection from major trials and tribulations, crises and conflicts, in which worldly valour and wisdom are of no avail to meet them. Those who came to him were people of all faiths. Caste, creed and social status, being unnatural dividers, had no meaning or relevance, whatsoever, for this great man-the *'mahapurusha'* He poured forth love in abundance to all. Hindus and Muslims revered him alike. It was a sight to see how evenh highly placed Muslims treated Nandabab with absolute faith and veneration.

Nandabab had a profound sense of observation. All that came his way did not go unnoticed by him. He would react in his own inimitable ways to what he saw. Abject poverty, despondency, destitution and deprivation invariably moved him. He would always express his deep concern for the suffering and work in his own subtle ways for their upliftment. His soothing words acted as elixir for them.

As a clairvoyant he saw visions with the seership of the one higher up in he hierarchy of the spiritually accomplished. He made prophetic pronouncements, sometimes talking in parables, similies, metaphors and through the language of gestures but generally dictating on chits of paper his pithy words in his own-addressing Paul what is intended for peter *'tche kun valith mei kun'* style of communication. It would either be replies to the mental unrevealled queries of indi-

viduals or reflect social or political events to follow.

Once a devote and his America-based brother on their return from the health resort of Pahalgam in Kashmir, while passing through a village Bhavan, came to know about the presence of Nandabab in that village. The devotee could not resist his inner call to pay obeisance to the saint, Making enquiries, both of them went straight to the house of a villager where Nandabab had halted. They were still at the threshold when the saint looking towards this devotee and nodding his head said: "Well! have you performed the last rites?"

The devotee got upset. He became panicky for he mentally interpreted the saint's words as some sort of untoward happening in his family. However, he kept his cool. After paying obeisance, he and his brother took their leave and left for their home at Srinagar.

Everything was normal at home. Next day the news spread that at a place in Pahalgam a massive cloudburst had washed away, down a hillock number of hovels and huts along with the inmates, causing heavy loss of life and property.

Usually Nandabab's movements were unpredictable. Way back in the sixtees, he had left Srinagar for Delhi on a certain mission. On reaching old Delhi railway station, he suddenly changed his mind and asked his whole-time caretaker disciple to arrange for a horse-cart for going to the residence in old Delhi of a lady whom he neamed with paternal feeling. The disciple knew the lady as the daughter of a pious family of Tankipora mohalla in Srinagar with whom Nandabab had lived, as a son of the household, for over a decade of his initial shining out. But he did not know the Delhi address of the lady and without address it was impossible to locate the lady in a big city like Delhi. 'Had Nandabab given the slightest inkling to him before their departure from Srinagar, he would have collected the Delhi address of the lady' the disciple thought to himself. But that had not been done. He mentioned his difficulty to Nandabab. But, Nandabab insisted. A horse-cart was arranged.

Nandabab seated himself alongside the cart-driver and guided him all throgh from area to area, colony to colony, street to street, lane to lane, till they reached the particular house at Shakti Nagar in old Delhi where the lady and her husband were residing.

That was Nandabab and his spiritual insight.

At the spiritual level, Nandabab seemed to have been assigned the paramount seat of the perceptible aspect of power as kinetic force by the whole host of contemporary mystics, which he mainfested as and when required. He had been accorded the epithet of the 'supreme commander of peace'. The rise and all of governments in Jammu & Kashmir State, social changes, political deelopments and many other aspects of major significance were under the orb of his spiritual influence. It is incredible. But it is the truth.

It is amazing that even before the Jammu and Kashmir Governments had thought of working out the modalities of the land-to-tiller policy pronounced after independence. Nandabab, as *'amicus humani generis'* - a friend of humanity had issued his commandment-a *hukumnama*, on chits of paper, distributed then in hundreds, spelling out the modus operandi of distribution of land between the landlord and the tiller. The *hukumnama* read - *"Yak hissa wa hardu hissa hawala."*

That was Nandbab's heart religion.

During Pakistan's invasion on Kashmir in 1947, as Pakistan forces advanced and organized their forward movement to besiege the city of Srinagar and capture the only airport a few kilometers form the city, Nandbab rose like the force of light to destroy the force of darkness. He got going like a giant to repulse the incursion.

In the top-floor balcony of a house in Tankipora mohalla in Srinagar, where he was staying those days with a family. Nandabab fixed pieces of household firewood in different directions, symbolising artillery power, which he himelf manoeuvred, frequently changing their position and direction. He shouted. His shouts sounded like war cries. He swiftly moved hither and thither making strange gesticulations. Panic-stricken onlookers, watching Nandabab in action, differently interpreted his movements, according to their individual understanding.

Circumambulating the big fire, which he had lit in the courtyard of the same house, he looked furious beyond description. From here, he went back to the balcony and sharply glanced around as if viewing distant objects from a gazebo. After a pause, he gazed skyward with a mysteriously smiling face and loudly uttered some typical

words which for the understanding ones meant: *"invasion thwarted... invasion thwarted..."*.

Immediately thereafter, it so happened that the Indian armed forces, which were airlifted, landed in full strength on the Srinagar airport and launched a massive counter offensive swiftly pushing back the aggressor.

In 1965 Indo-Pak war, Nandabab repeated the miraculous feat. Standing firm as a rock, under the still more catastrophic conditions he once again provided impenetrable umbrella of protection to the people of the State.

That time Nandabab was putting up in the house of a devotee at Dewan Bagh in Srinagar. One day he started showing signs of alarm. His close devotees, as were present, asked him about the immediate cause of his extra anxiety. He did not mention it, but asked them in a commanding tone to light instantly a holy fire in the courtyard and to prepare oblational food which he wanted them to keep ready by a certain hour of afternoon of the next day. The devotees followed the command. The holy fire was lit then and there and preparatory work for the oblational food was started same day.

Next day as the word spread, a large number of devotees thronged the place with their offerings. All these offerings were consigned to the holy fire as and when brought. As the indicated hour approached two platefuls of the oblational food were placed before Nandabab. One of the plates he kept for himself and the other one he asked a devotee to consign to the holy fire which had been alight all through. The principal devotees present on the occasion interpreted it as a calculated counter move which bore the desired outcome.

Almost the same time, some sabre jets of Pakistan Air Force appeared on the skies of Srinagar and hovered around with the airport being their principal target. But their mission was foiled and their design frustrated.

Again in 1971, during the Bangladesh war, Nandabab exerted at the metaphysical plane, bringing into action, in his own way, his supernatural powers for the overall good of the humanity. He stretched his ethereal personality to re-establish true humanness with re-inforced foundation of moral and spiritual life. There was nothing credal, dog-

matic, parochial or sectarian about it. It was all universal and human. It was broad and inclusive.

Nandabab was ill and confined to bed in his parental house in the village called Nuner. He was unable to move by himself. One day he suddenly asked one of his close disciples to shift him to Srinagar. The disciple was surprised. The saint was sick and why should he have asked to shift him to Srinagar? Apparently there was no reason. But then the disciple did some pondering and concluding that Nandabab would not have asked him for no purpose to move him to Srinagar, he made preparations for Nandabab's departure.

On reaching Srinagar, Nandabab was escorted further to the residence of a devotee at Karan Nagar, as it was here that he could be given continual medical treatment for a member of the resident family was himself a doctor and besides there were some proficient doctors practicing in the same locality. But who knew or could know the fixed purpose of Nandabab's coming to Srinagar even in sickness. It needed the clear eye of understanding *'bodhachakshu'* to realize the true form of reality.

While Nandabab had outwardly given himself to medical treatment of his bodily ailment, he was psychically engaged seriously with something behind and beyond the world of apperances, creating a situation for establishing tranquility and harmony in the temporal life and living in a part of the world, which had been under heavy gunfire for long. The situation was grave. The movement of the seventh fleet of the United States of America had all the more aggravated it. The whole country was tense.

In those extremely anxious moments, Nandabab once again intervened. He wielded his sceptre and majestically asked one of his close disciples to prepare a Kashmiri nonveg. delicacy called roganjosh and cooked rice. So it was done and offered to Nandabab. He ate some of it. He paused for a while. He looked in all the six directions and observed in a satisfying manner -- everything is alright now.

The following day it was on the Air that the Pakistan armed forces in Bangladesh had surrendered en masse and the war was over.

Nandababh seldom stayed at his home. He had forsaken his personal comforts. He was a selfless and sublime man of action -- a

'Karamayogi'. As a roving ambassador of the Lords of the Universe, he went about indefatigably distributing the treasures of higher wisdom in the spirit of service to mankind. The wooden staff in his right hand, the dagger tucked in his waist band and the big axe on his left shoulder, which he always carried with him, wherever he went, symolized the power of action -- the *'Kriyashakti'* the Divine had vested in him.

Ever established in the beaming bliss of the pure consciousness of the great self in him, Nandabab was not an ordinary mortal. He was an embodiment of super human acumen and achievements. While living fully in the world of entanglements, he had completely disentangled himself from the meshes of the world like a lotus in a swamp.

Born on the 30th December, 1896, at Purshyar, district Srinagar in Kashmir, Nandabab entered *'mahasmadhi'* on the 10th October, 1973, in the capital city of Delhi. His mortal remains were reverentially flown to Srinagar for the last rites. Profusely bedecked with bunches of bouquets, wreaths and garlands of flowers of rainbow colours, the gun-carriage carrying the mortal remains of the saint, ever worshipped by the constant devotees-- *'nityam-ashrit pujitah'*, was wheeled round the city of Srinagar on Public demand.

Thousand of people in tears of mourning moved, shoulder to shoulder, in the funeral procession chanting from the holy Srimadbhagwad Gita and other holy scriptures. Many more, longing for the last glimpse of the One seated in Godhood *'adhirohah'* showered flowers of obeisance from their house-windows and house-tops en route the funeral procession which was lined on both sides of the road by vast numbers of plaintive people.

Winding its way through the streets of Srinagar, as the funeral procession reached near the cremation ground, the large number of mourners who had already assembled there, for making meticulous arrangements for a befitting finale, joined the procession, showering flowers and flowers and flowers, all the way and all the time, till the funeral pyre was lit. Some of the mourners prostrated themselves before the pyre, some of them circumambulated the pyre and many others sorrowfully sobbed-- *"Vai! sani tathi Nandabab"*. In the forepart of mourners one could see late Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah with his hands raised in prayer and his head bowed in reverence.

It was, indeed, an unprecedented spectacle of offering *'shradanjali'* on the last journey of God's chosen one, never witnessed before in whole of Kashmir.

That was Nandabab -- the Friend of All, *'sarva lalsah;* the Doer of Good to All, *'sarva shubhankarah';* the Uplifter of the poor, *'dinasadhakah';* Pure in Body, Speech and Mind, *'trishuklah'.* Through out his wordly existence he bloomed like a lotus in the lake of ambrosia of Paramashiva's Grace wafting all the time, all around, in the ethereal form of pleasing fragrance, the message of humility, virtue, uprightness, purity, compassion and humanism.

It was after *'mahanirvana'* of this eternal and infallible spiritual guide, that some of his disciples organised themselves and established an *'ashram'* at Shalakadal, near Karfali mohalla in Srinagar. Soon this *'ashram'* hummed with pious activities and became a place of pilgrimage for all.

It is most tormenting even to think that with the hapless seruption of violence and subversion in the land of Abhinavgupta and Utpalacharya; Vikramaditya and Budshah, Lalded and Sheikhul-Alam, who taught tolerance and togetherness, and consequent displacement of Kashmiri Pandits from their own homeland the *'ashram'* has become a sanctum of the 'Sound of Silence'.

The roar of the gun has gagged the speech of the sacred. But for how long?

Chapter XI

My Encounter with Nandbabh

—by N.N. Moza

(Mr N.N. Moza, formely Deputy director Sericulture Department J&K State and presently living at 1750-A, Sector-6, Karnal, Haryana and a staunch devotee of Swami Nand Lal Ji writes that he had a few occasions to watch this great saint of Kashmir from close quarters.A few episodes which impressed him most about the hidden powers of Nandbabh are narrated hereunder--authors)

1. According to his behaviour one could easily infer that the duty assigned to Swami Ji by the spiritual fraternity was the defence of the borders of the Valley. I saw him often hoisting a flag like rod inbetween the stones on the hillock of Hariparbat and saluting it like an army officer. He used to dress himself like an officer in the army having a belt round his waist and a hat on his head.

2. Immediately after the raiders were driven out of Kashmir during the winter of 1947 one day I along with some of my colleagues were returning to our homes from Silk Factory Office. On reaching near Gapatyar we saw a crowed near the gate of the temple. Pushing our way through the crowd we saw Swami Ji in a furious mood thrashing a villager who had sold charcoal and was returning home. Both Hindus and Muslims in the crowed were advising the villager to bear it patiently as he was being liberated of some curse. Swami Ji was asking why he had come back when he was once thrown out. Nobody could understand what Swami Ji meant. However, after some time Swami Ji left the spot and the crowed disapeared. In the evening when I switched on my radio for listening to the news the first item broadcast revealed that some raiders had infiltrated the border in Tehsil Handwara and were beaten back by the army clearing the entire area by the evening that day. This had a clear connection with Swami Ji's spiritual power regarding border defences.

3. In my official capacity as Deputy Director of Sericulture incharge Srinagar District in early sisties (1962-64) I along with my assistant were once touring the area of Ganderbal. When we reached the village Nunar my assistant who was a Muslim suggested that we pay obeisance to Swami Ji. I agreed and we went to his house. After paying our respects to him we started leaving when suddenly a person, said to be swami Ji's brother, requested us to sanction some dead mulbary trees/wood for the use of Swami Ji. On hearing this Swami Ji lost his temper and cried hoarse telling his brother as to why he was telling Government servants to do what was not legally correct.

4. During the same period i.e. sixtees Swami Ji paid a few surprise visits to my residence at Wazirbagh and was kind enough to write a few chits in Urdu/Persian which I hold with me.(Appendix B). (It is is said that during his early yours Swami Ji had served as a Patwari which job he gave up in pursuit of his spiritual bliss).

As regards the interpretation of these chits in Urdu/Persian given to Shri Moza sahib , he writes that there were indirect references about finances etc. e.g. in some slips he mentions the word "Khazanchi" (Cashier). According to Mr Moza's faith in Swami Ji he feels that he has never fallen short of money for his day to day expenditure or at the time of his chidrens' marriages etc. Similarly in one or two chits he had written Jammu and Kathua and same year he was transferred to Jammu province with district Kathua as a part of his jurisdiction.

Shri Moza has expressed his inability to interpret and remember the significance of each and every chit issued by Swanmi Ji but he feels that every chit had a meaning and significance and must have been related to his and his family members' ambitions, problems etc.

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CHAPTER XII

My Memoirs about Nandbabh

-- Pran Nath Razdan

Another devotee of Swami Nandlal Ji, Sri Pran Nath Razdan of Batyar Ali Kadal (presently at 27- New Plots, Jammu) writes his experiences and memoirs about Swami nand lal Ji.

Shri Razdan Ji says that he had an ardent desire to see and meet spritual people and saints. He used to accompany his father, a great devotee of Mata sharika Bhagwati, to Hariparbat. This practice contuinued with Shri Razdan Sahibn till he left Srinagar in 1990. Stating that during his life he has come across a number of spiritual persons who have blessed him and one among was Swami nandlal Ji also.

Shri Razdan sahib writes that for the first time he was attracted to watch Swami Ji was when he saw him moving about in the sterets if Srinagar in his usual dress (already described at several places). He found in his a tall man of robust health with ruddy cheeeks and dazzling demeanour and he would boe before him in reverence whenever he would meet him.

Time passed and Sri Razdan joined service. He had the fortune of having the Darshan of Swami ji in 1968, when he was staying with one Dhar family at Karan nagar, Srinagar. Shri Razdan was himself putting up nearby at Balgarden, Srinagar. This enabled Shri Razdan to have Swami Ji's Daershàn almost daily in the morning and in the evening and seek his blessings. Swami Ji could rightly read the vibrations of the minds of people and come out with his reactions without being asked. All this was by intuition. He could anticipate the coming occurances well in advance and his predictions would invariably come true. He was really a Quallandar with sharp vision.

Swami Ji's 'parvanas' and predictions were also recorded in a register which Shri Razdan Sahin feels must have been preserved by Shri K.N.Kaul or wherever he stayed.

Sri Razdan cites a few of episodes he has encountered as:

1. Miraculous Doctor and Messiah episode:

In his normal mood one day he muttered aloud to himself, "Be alert and active. Pack up your buggage and leave for Achabal". It was a general uttterance addressed to none in particular.

Next day, I attended my office duty. I was surprised to receive an order of transfer to Achabal. He recollected what Swami Ji had muttered in the congregation the previous day. A couple of days later I decided to pack up and join my new place of posting. Before doing so, I went to Swami Ji to seek his blessings.

With his blessings and permission I went to 'Achabal' and joined my duty there.

After a week or so, unfortunately my wife developed serious female trouble. The top most medical men of the town examined her and precribed medicines and injections etc. But all in vain. My wife's condition deteriorated day by day. Swami Ji's name and personality revolved in my mind all the time. I felt exhausted and lost all hopes of my wife's recovery.

In this depressed, helpless condition, on day to my surprise a unknown messenger came and knocked at my door. I came out to se as to who was knocking at the door.

The messenger promptly informed me that some body in a ta was waiting for me on the roadside. I went to see who it was. Surpri ingly I spotted Swami Ji sitting on the front seat of the car with one of his disciples named Prabhawati seated on the rear seat. I knew her. O reaching near the car I bowed before Swami Ji.

Swami Ji was prompt and good enough to encourage me say ing " Do not worry. She will be alright before the evening and ser you tasty meals just in the evening"

All this was spontaneous on his part without asking for it. Swa Ji asked Prabhawati to hand over a bread that they had brought f my wife from Srinagar.

Swami Ji tasted a bit of the bread and then handed it over me. He asked me to feed my wife on it just then and left without sayi anything more:

I fed her as directed and lo! and behold! the hopeless conditi

and seriousness of the disease of my wife dried and evaporated unnoticed. She was alright in no time to the wonder and surprise of the medical people who had treated her. She prepared our meals and served it to us as usual in the evening.

This is how a spiritual wonder of the cross vibrations of the master and the disciple worked.

Needless to point out that in his morning congregations Prabhawati said to me at Achhabal " Swami Ji had addressed the audience saying that somebody was dying at Achabal, I must go to attend to her and see that she is alright. He ordered for a taxi, purchased a bread and that is how we came here"

What a clairvoyant and telepathic vision !

The second episode reported by Shri P.N.Razdan Sahib relates to Shrawan Purnamashi(Full moon night on Sawan (July/Aug) Month incident at Pahalgam. It is also the Rakhshya Bandan day on which people go to Amarnath Yatra in Kashmir. Once on this night Mr Razdan saw Swami Ji making lines on the road. He would mark it only up a particular spot and turn back immediately. Next morning there was a cloud burst and the Amarnath yatris had to face great troubles. They were weeping and mouning. The cloud burst had swept a crowd in the current of gushing waters. Perhaps Swami Ji's lines indicated a halt and warning to passengers not to proceed further beyond a point. What a prediction.

Shri Razdan says that recollection of such symbolic and direct predictions addressed to the congregations can in a general manner prove soul purifying and spiritual elevating.

CHAPTER XIII

My Encounter With Nand Lal ji

Shamboo Nath Dhar

(Mr Shaboo Nath Dhar from Agra has given the following details of his encounter with Swami Nand Lal Ji.Mr Dhar had a full sized photiograph of Swami Ji at his residence in Srinagar, but had to leave it along with other belongings wheh he left Srinagar in 1990 because of militancy--authors).

Mr Dhar writes:

I was a small boy of about 7 when I first saw Nandbab, I was going to my school situated at Fateh Kadal. One day there was a procession on the main road. It was of Muslim brothern shouting against Maharaja Hari Singh. Swami Nand Lal saw the procession passing. Suddenly we heard from the crowed that "Bilcha Mout" is coming. The procession slowed its pace and made for the "Bilcha Mout" to go. He was Swami Nand lal, dressed in a military uniform with a spade on his shoulders, striding along the road, with a big vermillion mark on his forehead. He was awesome to look at. He spoke nothing but passed the way in a commanding position. Every one respected him and feared him.

Time passed by . I graduated but was unemployed. I had ample time to roam about and was keen to know about the Mastana Nand Babh. Soon Kashmir was raided by the tribals called Qauabailies. In one day saw Nand Lal near the old secretariate. He had a long lathi (staff) in his hand which he used as if he had a gun in his hand. He fired , so to say, at the Maharaja's flag that fluttered at the secretariate. Within a few days time only there was change in the State Government and National Conference took over the reigns of the State Government. I realised that Nand Babh had the vision to foresee things and events. He would usually express himself through his actions and pos-

tures.

After some time I was employed in the A.G's office in Srinagar. I encountered a miracle wrought by Nand lal Ji . In AG's office there is a section called Book-Section.One day the superintendent of that section was on leave. The seat was vacant. It happened that Nand Babh suddenly came to that room. There was commotion. All stood up as a mark of respect for the Swami. He pointed his staff towards a junior clerk and asked him to occupy the vacant chair. He did as directed to please Swami Ji and avoid his wrath. With in a couple of days the clerk got out-of-turn promotion and was made an accountant in Radio Kashmir, Srinagar. No one expected it, but it did happen.

What a prophecy !

During early days of my service I was once taken ill. I had to be on leave. I felt bored sitting idle but my doctor would not allow me to work. However, one day Nand Babh came to our house. He asked for tea. It was willingly given. Thereafter he told my wife to put on the coat that was hanging on the peg for long time. This was obediently followed. The next day on my doctor's advice I joined my duty quite hale and hearty. I felt that Nand Babh helped his devotees in mysterious ways.

We lived in the neighbourhood of one (late) Suraj Bhan Bali at Chota Bazar, Srinagar. He was a teacher in Biscoe school. In 1952 Nand Babh was staying there for a some time. At times , I would go to join his Darbar, early in the morning. I have seen him singing bajans on a broken sitar so devotedly that tears welled up in his eyes. He was indeed a devotee (Bhakt) of that order.

During 1952 I have seen Mrs. G.M.Bakhshi (a former Prime Minister of J&K State) many times in the audience of Nand Babh Ji . She had ample faith in Nand lal Ji. Soon in 1953 Bakhshi Sahib became the Chief Minister of the State.

One day my wife was taken ill . In spite of medical attention her ailments continued. One day she went to see Nand Babh Ji at the residence of Pandit Kashmi Nath Kaul at Karan Nagar. The hall was full of people. When Nand Lal Ji saw my wife entering the hall , he beckoned her to come to the first row in front of him. This done he directed her to get some fried fish. He returned, purchased some fish

fried it and came back to Nand Lal Ji. Receiving the fish Nand Babh Ji distributed all the pieces among the audience there and then. My wife came back, she was free from all ailments and without medicines.

What a miracle!

(Address of Pandit Shaboo Nath Ji is : A-25, Kamla Nagar Near Post Office, Agra U.P. 282004.)

CHAPTER XIV

Nand Babh
by
Dr H.K.Kaul

Stretching my memory back to my early years of childhood (early forties) , I remember to have come across this great saint living in Srinagar near my house in those days. For me the actions he exihibited in public were naturally incomprehensible. As the years rolled by , I had the opportunity to see and hear more and more of this great man. As a consequence I developed admiration and respect for this great man . I was neither a regular visitor nor a devotee. But things happened and shaped in such a manner that I was bestowed with a huge tally of his blessings and prophesies, which without an exception turned out to be true. It is neither possible nor wise to narrate all of them .I shall mention briefly only a few of these to express my reverance to Swami Ji.

In late fifties, I was working as a junior doctor in a dispensary in Srinagar. Through the window I could see Swami Ji coming in to the area with his "sewaks" and paraphernalia. It was unusual to think of him coming to a crowded dispenasary. There was another senior doctor also working in the dispensary and working on the same table. But Swami Ji negotiated the way and came straight to the place where I was working . He gazed at my face for a while and a cascade of tears starting rolling down from his eyes. . This continued almost for an hour. with other things inbetween. He would ask me to kiss the "Rachhi" (locket) he wore across his neck. He hugged me several times, and all the time floodgates of tears were opened. This turned out to be a miracle for me. In the same week I became a victim of a lethal mob attack. With the grace of God and blessing of Swami Ji I came out of it with no residual disease or deformity.

One day at dawn, I along with my wife went to Swami Ji in Karan Nagar. He was alone in his room with a resplandent face, reciting some "slokas' loudly. He was in a very fine mood. I had to seek his advice on an issue where I was a victim of indecision. I never asked Swami Ji anything, but he would pour out the replies propmtly on his own. In his sweet monologue, he told me that, I should not leave my home for foreign lands and all my genuine demands have already been sanctioned. He gave a me a clear and lucid picture of the country where I wanted to go on a foreign assignment. He had such a clear vision which could convince even a dull person.

By narrating these brief anecdotes just a bird's eyeview of the command he had in making prophecies with more than computeriused accuracy is presented here.

My respectable homage to Swami Ji, for I owe him a lot indeed.

(Dr. H.K.Kaul 1720/XV, Panchkulla, Haryana 139 104)



Ishwarswaroop Paramaswami Nandlalji Sahib Kaul

CHAPTER XV

Swami Nand Lal Ji

by

Dr. T.K.Munshi

Who is not aware of Swami Nand Lal Ji's name, popularly known as "Nand Babh", especially to the old and the present generation of Kashmiris.

Swami Ji, as is believed, belonged to Nunar, Ganderbal, but spent most of his time in Srinagar as guest of a few chosen families of the Kashmiri Pandits. Among his regular hosts was my father, Late Pandit Sham Lal Munshi , who was earlier working in the Tawaza Department and later on as the 'Mohtameem' of the Dharmarth Trust. During the forties and fifties of the present century when my father was counted as an affluent person, Swami Nand Lal Ji would often pay us a visit, accompanied by his two aids or "sewaks". His visits were as short as two hours and as long as two months, though we had limited space at our residence at Badiyar (near Gaptyar), Srinagar.

One day it so happened that there was none in the house except my mother, who had bolted the door from inside. Swami Ji, armed as usual, with his 'armour', knocked at the door, with all his might but my mother did not open the door. After some time she relented and opened the door for the Swami Ji to enter. Swami Ji entered and demanded food which had already been extra for some one. While taking his food Swami Ji uttered the following words: " We are not born out of stones, we too have our mothers and sisters" This was the exact reply to my mother who had encountered the same thoughts a few minutes before. This is how Swami Ji used to read others mind. Nothing was hidden to him. He would easily x-ray a person from top to botton with his third eye.

During the tribal raid of Kashmir in November 1947, Swami Ji

was quite often seen dressed in a full battle uniform with an English-type of hat on, at the Karan Nagar crossing, aiming his 'armour' — a long bamboo stick towards Shalteng which the tribals had already occupied. This he did for five days and only he knew how he saved the city from arson, plunder and rape. Some K.Ps among us , would often opine that Swami Ji was a harbinger of doom for the house which he entered. Some would even call him "feshil -kath" (a bad soul which brings misery etc.) and curse their encounter with him. Personally I feel this was a wrong interpretation given to his actions. With his foresight he would simply warn people of the impending events so that they could know in advance what might be in store for them.

It was the same Swami Ji who one day went straight to the office of Bakhshi Gulam Mohammad and gave him a pen prior to his elevation as the Prime MInister of the State. Exactly after ten years the same Swami Ji visited the same P.M's office and snatched a pen from his table, rendering the all mighty Bakhshi Gulam Mohammad powerless in a week's time. Wherever Swami Ji stayed —at Narpirastan, Chota bazar, Karan nagar or at our place at Badiyar house— he brought boon to the dwelling place.

Very few people know that Swami Nand lal Ji had achieved a command on Persian and existing Kashmiri Sufiana music, now an extinct lot and would himself play on mini Rabab-like instrument prepared for his personal use.

Swami Nand Lal Ji was a Rishi of a unique order. His closest associates would fail to fathom the depth of his real greatness. The educated and not so educated persons would feel amused and unhesitatingly accept the words as true, without actually understanding their real import.

What attracted Swami Ji to the masses of Srinagar was that he was much above caste, creed and religion. Sometimes I would see him sitting at a barber's shop puffing a " hukka" . What impressed me most was that he had a multitude of Muslim devotees. Swami Ji, would often dictate "appointment orders", " death warrants" and "birth announcements" and put his own seal in black ink at the bottom of each signed "document'. These documents were ordered to be handed over to the concerned individuals. Out of reverence for Swami Ji many

people would keep these signed documents in safe custody. I too had a bundle of these in our Pooja room in Srinagar.

During my college days I would often see Swami Nand Lal Ji crossing the old Amira Kadal Hospital lane and some times Wazirbagh. Most of the people watching him 'armed' with his 'armour' — a small hatchets and mini 'khukeries' —would be mortally afraid to meet him on the road side; but I for one would be least afraid to meet him on the road side, taking him as a familiar 'uncle' who had just stayed at ours.My father had become so much friendly and informal with the Swami Ji that at times he would plead him to reply straightyway without any "machhar" (pranks).

At this Swami Ji would have his usual toothless smile and open his heart with predictions which would often come true later on.

Once it so happend that my father carried Swami Ji in his official car upto a certain distance. On reaching a spot Swami Ji changed his mind and told my farther "*Razah woyn gachhav es Khrew kun*" (Great Man we will now go towards Khrew). The vehicle did not have enough fuel to reach and return from Khrew. One or two petrol pumps enroute had no petrol stocks. As per the "Commands" of Swami Ji, the car was taken to Khrew and back and without fuel ! Swami Ji alone knew where from the petrol came. There are many more and significant miracles than this incident, performed by Swami Ji.

From time to time, Kashmir had been saved by saints and sants, but alas ! we did not have any Rishi of Swami Nand Lal Ji's calibre who could have saved us from our mass exodus or reversed it. Swami Ji never left us in lurch; whether it was 1947 or the holy-relic episode, he was there as a bastion of hope.

May his blessings reach every Kashmir in abundance. May we revoke him every morning in our prayers.

(Dr. T.K.Munshi, Regional Engineering College,Canal Road Campus, Jammu - 180016 J&K).

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CHAPTER XVI

Some Miracles of Swami Nand Lal Ji Maharaj (Nand Babh)

by Janki Nath Tiku

When I was a young boy, I would hear different people talking in glowing terms about the extraordinary mystic powers of Swami Nand Lal Ji Maharaj. I was thrilled to learn that he could predict, with precision, events and also change the course of future events for the benefit of an individual or individuals or humanity in general. Much against my wishes I could not see the Swami Ji from close quarters because I was scared of this man's violent physical actions, his whims, and his outlandish attire. Chance, which plays a significant role in human affairs, brought me ultimately very close to him once and I had the privilege of witnessing some of his occult powers surfacing either in symbolic language and action or some time in plain words which for ordinary beings like me were simply miracles.

In 1955 I applied for the post of a Forester. I performed well in the written test and the required physical endurance test. But to my utter disgust and dismay I was denied my due, and was given the job of a clerk in the Firewood Forest Division and I discharged my duties upto 1962. To secure justice I went from pillar to post and made many representations. In October 1962 I was appointed as a Forester and sent to Leh(Ladakh); but my joy of getting justice was short lived. To my utter shock I learnt in Leh that I had been appointed on the Forester's post against a leave vacancy. After three months I was reverted back to my original post of a Depot clerk.

In Leh I would occasionally undertake field duty and stay with my Head Clerk, one Mr J.N.Saraf. He suggested to me that we should visit the place where Nand Babh was staying those days. (This was the chance I have referred to earlier). Initially I hesitated, as I was scared

of Nand Babh. Finally I yielded to my colleagues's pursuation. Both of us reached the guest house where Mr M.L.Jelkhani (Executive Engineer PWD) had arranged Nand Lal Ji's stay. It was 8.00p.m.The hall wherein Nand Lal Ji was seated was crowded to capacity with Kashmiri Hindus and Muslims both. We could with great difficulty find a small space for ourselves near the door. We sat down and I fixed my eyes on Babh Ji with tremendous curiosity. After a while Babh Ji lit a cigarette and threw it in our direction. It landed in the lap of my "pheran". I told him being a non-smoker I could not take it. Then on his revised instructions I touched the cigarette with my lips, had a slight puff and passed it on to him. I could not understand at that time the significance of this cigarette episode.

At one stage I somehow managed to sit near Babh Ji's pillow. Mr M.L.Jailkhani appeared on the scene with water melon seeds and asked me to feed Babh Ji with them. As I had terrible reverential awe for Babh Ji , my hand started shaking. I thought if my fingers got into his mouth he would crush these with his teeth. Such was my fear. I managed to put the seeds into his mouth, keeping my fingers at a safe distance. Mr Jailkhani got a few fresh pieces of water melon in a plate. He put one piece into Babh Ji's mouth and then asked me to follow suit. I overcame my initial fears and put a couple of pieces into babh Ji's mouth with confidence and reverence. Then Babh Ji who had been lying down sat up . He put into my mouth three pieces (as a great gesture).Then with the pointed end of the pen's wrong side he drew three lines on my forehead and also put on my forehead the seal of his ring. Again I could not fathom the significance of these actions. About two days after Mr J.N.Saraf came and contacted me conveying his greetings to me saying that express orders had come from Srinagar that Shri J.N.Tiku (i.e. myself) has been appointed to the post of a Forester on permanent basis with retrospective effect from the date I had been appointed on leave vacancy in the first place. This was the first miracle Babh Ji had worked out for me and the first hand experience of Babh Ji's miracles. Thus I was convinced that Babh Ji could convert impossible into possible.

There in Leh was one Mr Toshakhani who worked as a cashier in the PWD department. He was in distress as he was involved in a

serious case of misappropriation of funds. An F.I.R. against him for his alleged misdeeds was about to be launched and his arrest was imminent. As an act of 'kind cruelty' Babh Ji had this erring official locked up in a dark room of the Guest House. At that very time all the Kashmiri Pandits who were present there made a collection of about Rs. 7000/- which they deposited in the PWD office next morning.Mr Toshakhani, however, gave a written undertaking that he would deposit the outstanding balance within next ten days. He made a fervent appeal that the FIR may not be lodged , which was agreed upon. Thus he was saved the pain and anguish of being sent behind the bars. He was also saved from the administrative and police action.

Actually it was Babh Ji's benevolence and mystic power which changed the course of events, saved the cashier from all types of misery which embezzlement entails. By locking him up in the dark room Babh Ji punished him himself , thus saving him from the bigger punishement. To me it looks a miracle which Babh Ji performed for the cashier.

In 1962 I was at Neemoa which is about twenty six kilometers away from Lah, when China launched its aggression against India and war broke out between the two countries.When the Chinese army launched a mjor attack and reached Chesool in Ladakh I was directed through an official communication to rush to Lah. The entire executive staff received instructions to keep themselves in readiness for being shifted to Srinagar in case the situation worstened. All of us were passing through extremely tense moments and panic gripped one and all in Leh as enemy showed no signs of relenting. It caused a great havoc. People lost all hopes of the enemy being pushed back, when lo! and behold! Swami Nand Ji Maharaj appeared in the market place, and in his charasteristic style turned his face in the direction of the on going attack. Then with the pointed end of the wrong side of his pen he drew a line in the air and then pressed with all his strength the air with both his hands. It was indication of his effort to stop the war. Hours later there was a news flash on the radio regarding the much desired ceasefire. What happened was a great miracle performed by Babh Ji.

One more incident comes to my mind which is equally amazing. It was probably the spring of 1957. One Mr Abdul Karim Shalla

went to the Fire Wood Forest Division Office located at Lal Chowk, Sheikh Bagh, Srinagar to procure the appointment letter which would enable him to earn his living by working as a labourer (Hamaal) at a Fire Wood Depot. Near Gaw Kadal Babh Ji was sitting at a shop. When Abdul Karim Shalla walked past that shop, Babh Ji beckoned him. He drew a line on Karim's forehead and pointing his fingers in all the directions (North, South, East and West) he said to Karim " Go all this is yours.". When he went to have the D.F.O's signature on the appointment order , the latter (Mr N.N.Kaul) said to him that fire-wood was being sold illegally in the balckmarket from the depot. Mr Kaul assured Abdul Karim that if he could secretly identify the culprits he would get permanent Government service. It took him about a month to report to the DFO his findings about the illegal sale of the firewood. He even named the offenders and even the places where these illicit activities were taking place. In consequence the culprits were brought to book and Karim was rewarded. He was made a depot clerk on permanent basis and entrusted with the job of finding out and reporting cases of illegal sale etc. Those days there were forty firewood depots in Srinagar City. Abdul Karim was given the responsibility of inspecting all these forty depots. These were located in the North, South, East and West of Srinagar. Abdul Karim in a way reigned supreme in all the four directions and put his thumb impressions on the relevant registers after inpection of the depot. The actual depot clerk would make the entries in the register and also write the word "inspected" and Adbdul Karinm Shalla would put his thumb impresssion beneath the word. `Greatness' was thrust upon him from above with BabhJi's blessings. This was Babh Ji's another miracle.

There at Leh was one Mr Nehru, who worked as a sanitary inspector there. He was also present at the gathering at Guest House where Babh Ji was staying. Babh Ji asked him to stand up and started abusing him. He abused him a lot and then directed him to get away from the hall and directed all the gathering to follow him keeping head downwards. Next morning Mr Nehru received a telegram from Srinagar that his dear wife had passed away.

(Janki Nath Tiku, 7-Extension, Sector 1, Pamposh Colony, Janipur, Jammu -- 180007 J & K).

Appendix A

APPEAL

Swami Nand Lal Jee popularly known as Nanda Bab has been one of the most important saints of Kashmir. His miracles and his prophecies in all walks of life are most interesting formaking and even baffling.

There is no momento for this great saint and we want to publish a booklet about his life, his spritual wounders. We have already some material with us pertaining to Swami Jee. We would appeal to all who can give us more authentic details about his life and his miracles on the following address as soon as possible, as this saint has been ignored for a long time with the fear that after some time people may not even know about him or his miracles.

Contributions will be duly attributed to the concerned and the deliverers of their material. Immediate and spontaneous response is welcome for expeditious publication. Relevent photo-state copies of Swamiji's chits and parvanas may be helpful in eludiciating some annecdotes.

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(Justice J.N. Bhat) Retd.

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